

# THE CITADEL

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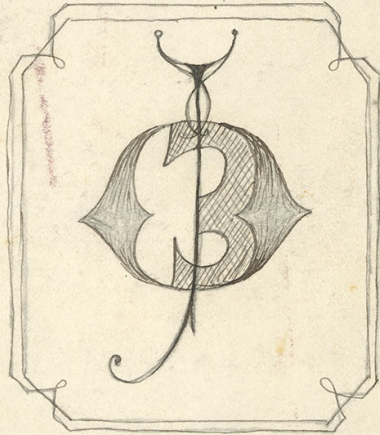
(Vol. II.)

{ Principle }  
{ Love }  
ENERGY }

# Diary,

Begun

June 19th 1885.



Ended

July 8th 1889.

Motto:  
~~~~~

"Upward & Onward."

20 7/8

|              | Dec. 26 <sup>1888</sup>        | Feb. 1 <sup>89</sup>               |
|--------------|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Calf         | 13 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>8</sub> | 13 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>     |
| Thigh        | 19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub> | 20                                 |
| Biceps       | 9 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>  | 9 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>      |
| Chest (full) | 34                             | 34                                 |
| Waist        | 30                             | 27 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> (3) |
| Forearm      | 10                             | 10                                 |
| Hips         | 34 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> | 34 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>     |
| Neck         | 14                             | 14                                 |
| Ankle        | 8 in                           | 8                                  |
| Wrist        | 6                              | 6 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>      |

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1885.  
June 19

Coleman, Will B., and I spend a very pleasant evening at Mrs. Ellis's. I met a regular little Yankee girl. She is tolerably good looking, but what I most admire is the sharpness of her wit, and her abominable brogue. She is Republican from her boots up — and hasn't of much of an opinion of Rebels; consequently we had a pretty hot warfare of words on politics. I went round to see her next day and spent a couple of hours very pleasantly.

1885.  
June 20th

1885.  
June 26th

Had an invitation to tea at Mrs. Wagner's and also one to a party at Miss Nettie Macdonald's, but having made an engagement at the latter place, I could not break it even if Miss Mills was at Mrs. Wagner's. Coleman + I saw Cousin Mary W. + Miss Josie to the latter place + spent an hour there, during which time I had occasion to pay some attention to Miss Mills, and also meet Miss Hattie Bassett. Later on, at Miss Macdonald's I meet Miss Estelle Halsey, + Misses Clotworthy, Steele, + others.

1885  
June 27

Mary W. + Miss Josie had me shopping with them all day on King St., and, consequently, nearly killed me. In the aft. Mary + I according to promise go down to Union Wharf to bid Miss Mills — who leaves on the Steamship Delaware — a farewell. After being shown all over the vessel, and after a nice chat on the quarterdeck in the splendid breeze and in full view of all the great beauties of the Harbor — although I must confess these beauties were lost sight of in another attraction — the gong sounded, Mary, + Miss Bassett, + Miss Lizzie Ellis each

in turn embraced, and was embraced by, Miss Mills, about 4 dozen kisses were exchanged and nearly that many promises, + "don't you forget this", + "remember so-and-so", + "be sure to write," etc.

The gang-plank was finally removed, the Lilliputian cords that bound the great vessel to the docks were loosed, and the gigantic Gulliver slowly backed out of the dock, turned lazily around, + with head to sea put on steam and soon the crowds of waving handkerchiefs on the Delaware's deck grew dimmer + dimmer to the friends upon the wharf who wished them a safe passage. Miss Mills's large straw hat was the object which last attracted my attention as it waved to + fro, but soon all, — like all the visions in life — faded on the horizon.

1885.

July 4<sup>th</sup>

We fired a salute of 38 guns this morning in honor of the glorious Fourth. After breakfast, there were some exercises in the Chapel. Bishop Stevens opened with prayer. Ct. Matheson read the Declaration of Independence, Minard Washington's Farewell Address, + the Col. gave us a 40 minutes speech — [which, by-the-by, I had to copy last night, + as it was 17 pages of foolscap, it was a job of considerable importance]. After the exercises were over, a crowd of us Cadets numbering 43 had an excursion beyond the Bar in a two-masted schooner manned by 4 Italians. After passing Fort Sumter the sea became rough + we pitched + tumbled very much like Wyatt on the calf. Several of us stood in the bow of the boat where we

could enjoy the view. A great big wave would come rolling in like a huge beast to devour us, but just as its great side seemed to bend over us, up we would shoot to its crest & the whole horizon would spring into view. Down we would sink again as it passed us, & sometimes two of these huge fellows would come in such quick succession that we would just about reach the bottom of the trough when the next wave would dash over, its crest sweeping clear over our heads. It was a pretty good surf-bath & our linen, <sup>clothes</sup> had thereafter an abominably dudish inclination to stick tenaciously to our bodies. But it was exhilarating — to us who weren't sea-sick. About half the boys, poor dickenses, were clinging on desperately to the rigging presenting the appearance of But Luvingood when his sweetheart made him drink separately the contents of the white & blue papers of 6 soda-powders. Others, less aesthetic in their attitudes, were stretched out flat on their stomachs, with head over the stern of the vessel, "gazing into the blue depths," while still others who had gotten over the active effects of the complaint were stretched out on the flat roof of the cabin covered up with a tarpaulin, pale, miserable, & half-conscious. At last, after leaving the bell-buoy on the Bar about 5 miles behind, — when in front of us, on the left of us, on the right of us the waves volleyed & thundered, & the land in rear of us was a faint line on the horizon, someone who was turning "pale about the gills" suggested that "it might be well to turn back, now." The

boys who were enjoying the sail hooted the idea, whereas the ~~sick ones~~ debate grew warmer, both sides received reinforcements the discussion waxed warm. At last it was agreed to leave it to arbitration & the sick fellows laid out on the cabin roof were appealed.

"Damn it, go on to Europe or the bottom if you want to!" This alarming state of nonchalance warned us we had better go back, especially as the dark Italian skipper was half drunk & might take us all to Henry Jones's locker; so about we faced, (ran into a big iron buoy but no damage was done) and soon Sumner's frowning walls rose up out of the water. It was beginning to rain & we were all glad when we sped up to the old Fort & lowered sail. The "grub" was thrown on the wharf & we had our dinner in the protecting walls of the Invincible Fort, — walls that in time of war had protected Charleston & Carolina from devastation, pillage, & destruction, now protected a party of her sons from the mild & healthful rain of heaven — which was quite as much to the point on the present occasion. Salt<sup>(?)</sup> air is as great an appetizer as Delmonico's bill-of-fare, & the dinner was almost instantly demolished, after which we visited the well-protected galleries facing the Ocean, where great, grim iron "dogs" grinned menacingly thro' the port-holes, "dogs" which had barked



stentorously & had bitten many a Federal fleet. Fort Sumter is but a fragment of the ante-bellum fortification. Three tiers of well-equipped galleries stood prior to the War. The two upper ones were utterly demolished by that terrible fire which was brought to bear on it, but which was unable to capture it. Leaving the Fort about 4.30, as the treacherous tide threatened to leave us aground, we proceeded on a trip around the Harbor. It was our intention to go up the Ashley to see the New Bridge, but while passing between Fort Ripley & Castle Pinckney, our vessel very gently ran aground, & notwithstanding standing our expostulations & our irate Italian skipper's voluble maledictions, insisted upon taking a rest, & the tide sank lower & lower, chuckling at our discomfiture. Here was a dilemma! Nothing but a 4 hours wait was before us. In a crowd, however, where "Crow" Heath, China, Devereux, & Spain were, it was impossible to get lonely. Soon, 15 boys were in the water swimming, ducking, spluttering, or diving from the shrouds of the vessel; & three men came over in a row-boat from a schooner which was fishing (my language is nautical) about a mile off, & they & our black curly-haired Captain, who had attained that stage of his spree when he was in a high good humor, all joined in the sport. As twilight came on the scene was pretty in the extreme, & being an ardent lover of Nature I secured a precarious but a comfortable seat on the very pinnacle of the bowsprit, where all the beauties of the

scene were at my disposal. The clear-cut outline of the City with its housetops, turrets, + chimneys appearing like a silhouette against the soft, shady tints of the western sky. When the lights along the Battery + in the City were lighted the great dark body of the town was girdled with a band of sparkling gems; + overhead the stars peeped out one by one between the rifts in the scattering clouds + winked merrily at their reflections in the water; + every crest of every little wave — for the wind had subsided + the waves were weak + gentle — was sparkling with phosphorescent light. As the quieting effects of the dusk began to lessen the boisterous mirth of the boys, they gathered amidships + began singing, their basso-puprano, Tenor, + bass voices not blending inharmoniously, + soon the <sup>tide</sup> slipped ~~step~~ped up noiselessly as if not to disturb the music, the sails never flapped, but directly the lights on the wharves became more brilliant, the shadows assumed the outlines of docks + piers + in a few moments we were — as a Charleston lady once remarked after a long voyage by sea — “safe once more on e pluribus unum.” We arrived at the Citadel just as the very interesting call of Datto was about to sound, + weary, exhausted, we answered to our names + were soon

“Underneath the — ‘skeeter-net,  
 In the happy land of Nod,  
 Where cares + troubles never fret,  
 Where sorrow never trod.”

1885.

July 11

Had a fine sail in the yacht "Challenge" owned by Capt. Forster who took a party of us Cadets on a trip. We landed on Sullivan's Island, & all the boys but myself went up the Island. I preferred a seat on the breezy piazza of the Carolina House with Captain Forster, who told me many things of foreign countries which he had visited—especially Greece, Turkey, & England.

1885.

July 12

Today, Sunday, several Cadets, — myself included — dined by special request with Mr. White at his sister's on Sullivan's Island. The house is near the New Brighton & faces the beach. We enjoyed the morning on the piazza with the ladies, watching the curling surf, the schooners, or Morris Island lighthouse, or using that dreadful weapon, the spy-glass, on the girls on the neighboring piazzas. After a good dinner & a short rest, the gentlemen of the crowd donned bathing suits & enjoyed the magnificent surf.

1885.

Aug. 1.

I finished my work in Colonel's office last night — the examinations are over — & I am at home in Chester again.

1885.

Aug. 15

Chester is one of the dullest places alive. Weeks & weeks pass & unless one of the narrow-gauge trains runs off the track, or a circus comes along, nothing interrupts the even tenor of her monotonous way. But when anything does happen, it must be said to Chester's credit that she always does it up "brown". Now today there was to be a fruit fair. This is something to break the monotony & Chester determines we

shall have something to wag our tongues over; so she wakes us all up at 6 o'clock in the morning with the fire-bell. The first scene is the conflagration of a big house on York St. At 11 o'clock the Fair comes off. Among the grapes, + apples, + pumpkins, + peaches, etc. etc. a big 52-pound melon "takes my eye" more than any thing else. The Fair is the second scene, but Chester lets us swallow our dinners + then brings blood on the scene. A negro has stolen a little pig — an indictment has been issued, — the negro runs — the constable fires — the ball enters the forehead, just as the negro looks back to see if he is pursued, + pierces the brains — the negro enters eternity without a moment's warning. Last + saddest of all, a telegram comes from Atlanta at 4 o'clock saying our honored + esteemed + accomplished Attorney, Chalmers Gaston, for years solicitor of this circuit + one of the most talented lawyers of the Chester Bar, had just committed suicide in Atlanta! He had been ill for some time + thought he would be either an imbecile or a lunatic if he lived — so he leaves his brother's house "for a walk", gets a room at a boarding-house, stands before the mirror + gazes for the last time upon his reflection, places the muzzle of the pistol in his mouth — the occupants of the House hear a pistol report, a fall, + rushing to the room, find Chalmers Gaston lying in his own blood — dead!

1885.  
Sept. 30.

Vacation has been very pleasant, but it is over, now. I have been sick since the 24th + am just able to return to duty.

1885.  
Sept. 24.

We have ~~built~~<sup>rented</sup> the Cornwell place opposite the Baptist Church + we moved in on the 24th. Mollie has been with us since the last of Aug. so of course I have enjoyed it more than I might have otherwise. Will Lewis won the vacant

1885  
Oct. 1

Cadetship, so he returned with me today to the Citadel. Our new Supt., Gen. Geo. W. Johnston, from Ala., seems to be quite a fine officer + a pleasant gentleman. He has inaugurated quite a new regime.

I was promoted today to 1st lieut. of "Co. A." I had to give up my good old Room, + my room-mates. Coleman is down on the 2d floor + Harrison + I are in No. 17 — the "Staff Room."

1885  
Oct. 30

Coleman, Will B., and I pay a long-owed visit to Misses Lizzie Ellis + Annie Miller. Lizzie is pretty + almost as quiet as usual + Annie sings as divinely as ever.

1885  
Nov. 4

Today the 1st Class finished Calculus. Many have been the denunciations of integrals, cycloids, tractrices, + infinitessimals since the study was begun in last Feb. + many the zeros to correspond with the unlearned Completions of Taylor's + McLaurin's Formule; but today at 12 the book was finished. Shortly afterwards, a funeral notice lined with velvet (the stripe of some Cadet's discarded trousers) was circulated thro' barracks. It read thus:—"The funeral of Mr. Calculus will take place tonight in Room No. 20, after supper. Rev. E. C. McCants assisted by H. S. Hartzog, D. D. will officiate. The pall-bearers are Pros.

Lee, Law, Bell, + Evans." I was in my room after supper. It was real dark outside + the galleries were wrapt in gloom. There was no noise going on + I heard down at the lower end of the gallery a low, mournful funeral march accompanied by the slow + cadenced tread of feet. This was Mr. Calculus's funeral cortège. Two guitars, a violin, + a triangle composed the band + the music was weird but sweet in the extreme. Slowly they marched down the long gallery, the weeping mourners following 2 by 2 with handkerchiefs to their eyes, noises like groans, in their throats, + convulsions shaking their frames. The unsympathetic by-standers roared hilariously, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion. Just before the mourners, + immediately behind the band, which headed the column, were the pall-bearers carrying a green coffin that had "Pearl Shirts" rubbed out + "Sacred to the Memory of Calculus" substituted there for on it. Quite a throng of Cadets paid homage to the dead chief by falling in, 2 by 2, in the rear of the procession. The column proceeded into No. 20 + the coffin was reverentially laid upon a table between two lights which breathed forth the incense of — Kerosene. Behind this table appeared the reverend clergymen clad in white surplices — which, however, owing to the bad execution of the laundress, [which does not often happen at the Citadel (!!!),] appeared very much like night-shirts. Dr. Hartzog arose + said that he was glad to see so much feeling on the occasion, "the tears will do you good, brethren." He

said, however, that the usual feelings at funerals were reversed, on the present occasion — that the mourning was not for the dead, but for the anguish & evil the wicked <sup>dead</sup> had caused. He followed the domineering career of Calculus from the cradle "when we innocently took him to our bosoms; alas! how ungrateful he has proved! I have seen him, forgetful that he was in a civilized land, slay his most innocent victims with a cycloid! yes, actually — a cycloid!" He then expounded upon all the bad qualities of Calculus up to his death, & consigned his spirit with many maledictions to the — 2d Class! [Groans from 2d Class, laughter from 1st Class.] He dwelt with pathos upon the evil deeds of the monster, the zeros he had scattered [Spain was shouting] "but," said Bro. Hartzog, "his days are over!" ["Lord grant it," from Bro. Lee] Never more shall the vile influence of Calculus cast its bane upon us! And in conclusion, dear brethren, let me quote that beautiful quotation from Longfellow which he wrote when he got to the Binomial Theorem & couldn't go any further:—

"The life of Calculus reminds us  
We can lead a life of shame,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Many a zero to our name!"

Rev. McCants then spoke: "Brethren the text is from Acts v. 6 — 'And they took him out & buried him'; but before you do I want to read an ode, which, — bring the plot of the occasion, — I have composed on Mr. Calculus." [I applied to McCants for the poem the

next day but he had thrown it away & could produce only 4 verses with much difficulty from memory. They are annexed without alteration.]

Ode on Calculus.

'Tis gone! that book of cursed curves,  
That Calculus so dear!  
But even now it shakes my nerves  
To think that it is near!

I do not want it up on high,  
In regions of the blest;  
For Calculating in the sky  
Is not what I call rest!

I do not want it down in hell,  
I'll tell you the reason why,  
It might not suit McCante so well  
When he has come to die!

I slaved, I worked, both soon & late,  
But still I got zeros;  
I do not want it in this State,  
God Almighty knows!

After the ode, the band struck up "My Queen Waltz"  
& the funeral broke up in a grand dance!

Today the Corps of Cadets went up to Columbia en masse to the State Fair. We were up at 3<sup>30</sup> & off early. Altho' I have been promoted to Quartermaster, I temporarily drilled

1885  
Nov. 12



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1885  
Nov. 12

as Lieut. in Co. "C" in the absence of that officer. A band met us at the Depot + escorted us to the Fair Grounds. It was a beautiful sight to see the Corps with colors flying, + company front, marching down Main St. Every step was in cadence + there wasn't a waver in the lines. Every head was erect + proud, + the glistening row of bayonets steadily rose + fell with the step like one piece of machinery. The Corps was on trial + they knew it, + they acquitted themselves well. We breakfasted at the Grounds + spent the morning looking over the exhibits. At 2 o'clock we had a Review by the Governor + Staff, + afterwards a drill + dress-parade. The latter was especially beautiful. After dinner, Dix + I spent an hour at an upper window of the Restaurant watching the gay + motley crowd beneath us. An itinerant photographer had pitched his tent beneath us. The roof of it was raised to admit the light + we could watch the various personages sitting for their "shadows". It was quite amusing. Below, too, were the gambling machines of all kinds + sizes. There seemed to be a mania for it. There was the Battle of Gettysburg tent, a knocking machine, the trick of throwing at the wooden babies, + a nuisance of a side-show where a girl came out in a kneedress + knocked on an old guitar, + a man rolled a cannon ball round his head about every 5 minutes, while another girl made a brave but fruitless effort to put some music in a song.

We wanted to stay for the Ball, but could not.

1885

Nov. 13.

Just as the <sup>sun</sup> sank we steamed out of the Capital.

1885

Nov. 20<sup>th</sup>

Attended a pleasant party at Mrs. Smith's. Progressive euchre was a feature of the evening.

The G. P. S. Club. — (a social club of about 20 young ladies + Cadets of which I have the great honor (?) of being Vice-Pres.) — had a meeting at Miss Callie Simmons' tonight. Dancing was a part of the entertainment. Coke has been teaching me to waltz for about 2 weeks + he says I can dance if I don't get scared. How easy it looks when I see McCown + Workman gliding around with a girl — + how nice! But I am afraid to try it. At last, desperate with determination + envy, I march up to Miss Cally + assuming as much ease + confidence as if I was the most accomplished dancing-master, I "beg a waltz." But alas! my confidence immediately vanished when I got my arm round her. It might have been around her neck instead of her waist for aught I knew. It took about 3 jumps to get started, but at last I got off. I was confident I had "reversing" "down fine", but somehow my knees got a little jumbled up, I began stumbling + lost the step. + then stopped. "Excuse me," murmured Miss Cally. "Lord 'a mercy!" thought I, "does she think its her fault." We started again but were very little more successful, + after 3 rounds (which seemed to me like 3 times round a 2-mile race-track) Miss Cally said she was tired. Poor

thing! no wonder. I would have tired out a grown elephant! I was tired, too — tired of everything. + myself to boot, + was about to go off in a corner + sink in my boots when Coke slapped me on the shoulder "Go it, old boy! you did finely for the first time!" I looked at him out of the corner of my eye, but nothing in his face bespoke laughter. "Now, look there at McCoun! he's the poorest dancer in the room!" This was balm in my wounds. I did not go to the corner but I couldn't bear to look Miss Cally in the face. I was sure she was disgusted with me. The second time I danced I did passably, owing to the fact that the young lady could guide well + my mind was relieved from that + could be devoted exclusively to my legs. I began to gain confidence + before the evening closed my cheeks were red only from the effects of heat.

1885.

Nov. 27

The Misses Simmons gave a German <sup>tonight</sup> <sub>Coke</sub> Jennings — who is my only room-mate, now — had instructed me well in the "figures" + I anticipated a fine time, + all my expectations are realized. I dance very well + meet several young ladies. Miss Susie Dawson especially pleases my fancy.

1885

Dec. 4

The Club met at Mrs. Smith's tonight. Mesmerism was one amusement of the evening, + we had some dancing.

1885

Dec. 11

Our long-looked-forward-to Ball took place tonight. It was beautifully clear + cold — just the night that each + all had hoped for. The Cadets

made extensive preparations for a grand affair, + we determined it should be the society event of Charleston. It was full + very recherché. The Chapel was beautifully decorated with flags of all nations draping the windows. Extra colored chandeliers were put up, + all the pictures + gas-jets were decorated with moss + flowers + evergreens. The floor was smooth + bright, + large enough to accommodate 60 or 70 couples. The best band in the City was engaged + the programme called for 17 dances! We had an adjoining section-room carpeted + nicely fitted up with furniture for the ladies. In another, long tables were laid, behind which white-aproned servants + kind lady-chaperons served the tea, coffee, + chocolate, the steaming oysters, + sandwiches, + exquisite chicken-salad. Miss Susie Dawson had accepted my escort for the evening + I had one of the prettiest partners, + certainly one of the nicest dancers, in the Ball-room. Dance after dance sped away like lightning + all were too intoxicated with enjoyment to note how time went. I never missed a dance + when we broke up, at half-past two, it was with regret. Our first Ball was a grand success.

1885  
Dec. 12

We were off early this morning for home. I had a stay of 2½ hours in Columbia. Went to Uncle Geo. Steadman's where Sis + Cousin Gallie were. They concluded to go on to Chester with me + while they packed up George + I drove around

- town a little, down by the Congaree + the Penitentiary. We left the Capital + at 4.30 took them all by surprise at home — they not expecting us until 14th.
1885.  
Dec. 24 I have had a quiet but pleasant time since the holidays began. Tonight the home-folks give Ball + I a party.
- 1885  
Dec. 28 There was a party at Mr. Witherow's tonight. Had a pleasant time + an elegant supper. I stole a waltz on the piazza with Nannie Agurs.
- 1885  
Dec. 29 I spent the day at Mrs. DeVega's + had a delightful time. I had come near carrying on a flirtation with a pretty young lady (unknown to me) in church Sunday + found out afterwards that it was young Mrs. Dr. DeVega! I had the pleasure of meeting her today + also the pleasure of a dance with her. I met two theological students, too, one Anderson a jolly, nice fellow. Tonight Will Lewis gave a "stag party", out of which we made a deal of fun. Among our amusements was a farcical trial by jury, + a country dance. The supper was not the least <sup>thing</sup> important.
- 1885  
Dec. 30 Our set of boys had an "invite" to dine with Hal McLure this afternoon. The dinner was only 8 courses, however, + we got thro' in time to take a game of chess before supper.
- 1885  
Dec. 31 Will Lewis + I bade them a tender farewell at home today + arrived safe in Charleston at ten tonight. Anderson came down as far as Columbia with us on his way to Clarksville (Tenn.) Theological Seminary.

1886

1886  
Jan. 1st

1885 is of the past. Looking back over the leaves of my diary I see many events of interest that have happened. At home we have become installed in a home of our own. It is small, but <sup>it</sup> is comfortable + it is home. I at the Citadel have spent a pleasant year. In March I had a pleasant trip to my old home, Marion. In May I was in the picked squad that went to New Orleans. My social relations in Charleston have been pleasant, — the G. B. S. has flourished — I have learned to dance, and our First Cadet Ball on the last night of our Academic exercises for 1885 made a brilliant end of a brilliant year. The reins of government of the Academy have changed hands. Col. Thomas resigned in July + his place as Supt. was filled in Oct. by Gen. Johnston. The Gen. is one of the kindest + best men I ever knew and has become universally loved by "his boys". Everything is bright for the Academy on this the 1st day of 1886, + in the start we hope for a bright + glorious year.

After cleaning up our rooms + getting everything settled like home again, we had leave today. I took my New Year's dinner at Mr. von Kolnitz's. Coke and I hear "Sam'l. of Posen" at the Academy of Music.

1886.

Jan. 9th

1886.

Feb. 27th

Our examinations ended yesterday and I stand 1st for the half-term. Today our great prize-drill takes place. The four Cadet Companies all do well, but Co. A. carries off the

honors. Coleman wins the Co. medal and the Battalion medal and quite keeps up his reputation.

1886.

Mar. 6th.

Today Law and myself made an ascent of the scaffolding of the German Lutheran Church Steeple. It is about 265 feet high, and the prospect from its summit is most ravishing. Every house <sup>(nearly)</sup> in the City below us is visible, the streets and its crowds of pigmy people, The Citadel building below us with its flag flying at the top of the flag-pole. The view extends out for miles to sea, beyond Sumter & the Island and the Bar, almost, one might imagine, to the rosemary shores of Spain.

1886.

Mar. 26th.

This being Friday afternoon, the General by special request discontinued Academic exercises from dinner time in order to allow the Cadets an opportunity of witnessing a game of Base Ball between the Phil<sup>a</sup> and the Pittsburg teams. It was magnificent playing on both sides, and six times consecutively the sides went in and out without making a run. No matter where the ball went, there was always somebody there before it touched the ground. After awhile, Tho', Phil<sup>a</sup> put a ball between 1st & 2d bases. The second-base man was there to get it, but just before it reached him it bounced upward, went thro' his hands and over his head, and Philadelphia made a run. At the end of



the 9th inning Phil<sup>a</sup> stood 5, Pittsburg 0.

When I came back to the Citadel, I was informed that a lady wished to speak to me. It was Miss Edith Jones, whom I had known by sight since I became a Cadet — but I had the pleasure of an introduction <sup>only this afternoon.</sup> She is to marry a gentleman from home in October, and in view of her coming relationship, she did not mind sending for me to be introduced. I went down to tea with her and met Miss Moody, the daughter of the Evangelist. After tea, I went to hear Moody & Sankey at Agricultural Hall. There were about 2,000 men in the Hall, and when Mr. Sankey sang "The Mother's Prayer," — in which there occurred a low sweet melody — not the least sound escaped that vast audience to mar the beauty of the music. Mr. Moody's sermon was very fine. His text was "Seek first the Kingdom of heaven" etc. and his whole discourse was full of that straightforward earnestness and practical application that is said to characterize him.

1886.

Mar. 27th.

Saw the Phil<sup>a</sup> and Charleston base-ball teams play this afternoon. It was a bad defeat for Charleston, 11 to 0. Tonight I supped with the General and his wife. This afternoon the Company that is to go to Savannah was organized. Will Bond is the left guide — a good appointment if what

the boys say is true. They say he is the best guide  
in the Academy.

April 11th  
1886.

Tonight closed the two weeks of revival services held by Mr. Sayford, and Mr. + Mrs. Towner the splendid singers. The Corps of Cadets has been allowed to attend every night and the influence for good that has been done is wonderful and gratifying. Out of 108 cadets, 90 have professed Christ and I think the majority of these have been converted during the services. It is said that it is the first powerful religious awakening that has ever occurred in the Citadel. All the ministers in the City are greatly interested in us, — and what must be the joy which the Holy Book tells us is in heaven when not only one but 90 sinners repent. Mr. Sayford is a powerful preacher, and can put Christ in his true light. His first sermon was from the text Deut. I. 16. Some of his others were based on the story of Naaman (II. Kings, V.); the story of the prodigal son (Luke XV.); the story of blind Bartimeus (Mark. XX.); Psalm XXXII; Isaiah LVI, 6 + 7; <sup>(Matt. XXII, 42)</sup> etc. Mr. + Mrs. Towner's singing was splendid.

1886  
April 15th

Today Moll and Sallie gave me quite a surprise by paying a visit to the City. Moll looks like she did in October — rosy and well.

1886.  
April. 17th

Last night Will L. + I took S. + M. to the Candy Factory — and this afternoon S. M., + Gertie, + I went up to the Base Ball Park to see Chas<sup>tm</sup> get beat by Atlanta by a score of 8 to 3.

1886.  
April 18th

After dining at Auntie's, I went round to see

Moll + we went to church — and after returning home had a little chat in the parlor on topics various, mutual, + interesting.

1886.

Apr. 25<sup>th</sup>

The Staff went to a Catholic Church today. Bishop Northrop preached a very Protestant sermon, I thought. The music was superb, and the ceremonies quite imposing. I dined at Mrs. Jeffords. The old gentleman (Mr. Jeffords) is an oddity. Has quite an oratorical style — "was educated for the Baptist pulpit — ha-ha!" Quotes extensively from Lowell + Walter Scott, etc. Quite a critic of pulpit oratory. Repeated several magnificent perorations with all the ardor + emphasis of a Stentor. His present hobby, however, is cows, of which he has four of very good quality, and upon which he can expatiate exhaustively. Mrs. Jeffords is quite a pleasant lady — and Miss Lila is a charming blonde of about 21 on whose cheeks the blushes come and go like the tints of the aurora on the Northern snow.

Tonight the Cadet Christian Association had its first meeting. I am President; Harrison, Vice, + Kinard Sec. + Treas. The ladies of Charleston heard of our Association and sent us up a beautiful \$116 organ and a number of music books. Ben Munterlyn plays very well and we had some very sweet music. We had <sup>about</sup> 60 members on organization, and we want to cultivate and keep alive the newly born interest in us for Christ and His work.

1886.  
Apr. 30th. We closed the month of flowers today with our "Fourth Annual Cadet Picnic." It was held at Otranto, and at 9 o'clock a special train of 8 cars filled with lovely ladies in light, spring dresses, and Cadets & invited citizens steamed out of the N.E.R.R. Depot, as happy as the sun was bright. Moll was with me — having come down to the City especially for our picnic.

Otranto is a very pretty spot. A dance-hall and an old Revolutionary (I suppose) residence situated on a little hilllock at the head of a fine avenue of live-oaks about 200 yds from the R.R. compose the architectural effect of the place. As might be imagined, it is the natural beauty of the place that renders it so inviting to picnickers. Its magnificent oaks covered with grey moss, — the famous Goose Creek with its deep & jet black water, — and Old Goose Creek Church situated about a mile & a half distant are the most notable features of the place. The 1st thing we did was to get an old negro to take us on a row up the creek for about a mile. It was very pleasant on the water — and having a pleasant little crowd aboard, we cracked a lot of jokes and enjoyed ourselves tremendously. After our return, Moll and I + Miss May Wightman, Wrotton, + a Miss Breedon set out for a walk to old Goose Creek Church. It is "way out in the woods" — quaintly situated among the trees. It is well-preserved and is a genuine relic of colonial days. It was probably built about or before 1711, and the British Coat of Arms, and other signs of our mother-country — tell us

of the olden time when the knee-breeched colonists drank tea with the British stamp on it. In front of the church is a grave with a startling story. It is said that a lady was once buried there and was exhumed several days afterwards to be buried elsewhere. She was found to have broken out of the coffin and had bitten one arm nearly off! Such is the frightful story of the grave at old Goose Creek Church.

Just at dinner time we had a hard shower of rain but the board was spread under the piazzas of the sole residence of Otranto, and under its ample shelter justice was done to the viands rich & bountiful. The shower was soon over & the merriment continued until the sunset whistle from the train tore the lovers from the woods & the dancers from the holler; and as we steamed away thro' the twi-lit woods we all congratulated ourselves that the 4<sup>th</sup> Annual Picnic of the Cadets had been a success.

May 1<sup>st</sup>  
1886.

This afternoon Moll and I went up to see Charleston beat Asheville in the diamond by a score of 3 to 2.

1886.

May 4<sup>th</sup>

We embarked for Savannah today at 3 o'clock in full force & in lively spirits, to take part in the celebration of the Chatham Artillery Centennial. We arrived in S. at 8 o'clock & were escorted by the W.L.S.'s. to our quarters in Camp Washington. The camp presented quite a fine and novel appearance in the electric light. The hundreds of white tents stretched in regular rows, — the

camp-fires + the groups of various soldiery gathered in knots here + there composed a scene both new + charming. Our quarters were on "Grub Alley" + "Hard-board Lane" — so dubbed by the ready wit of some of the boys — and we were soon comfortably quartered. After supper, having the liberty of the camp, the boys soon dispersed among the various organizations in camp to learn the news + gossip on the topics of the day. Our old New Orleans friends, the Busch Lancers, were in camp. The W. L. Is., — the Savannah Cadets, Montgomery Greys, The Montgomery True Blues, the Gate City Guards, and several others were also in camp.

1886.

May 5<sup>th</sup>

On the next day, Wednesday, I got leave + went down the street to see Aunt Julia, who was sick. Mr. Purse, — her father, was also there + on learning that I wanted to see something of the City proposed to accompany me. As he is nearly 80 years old I turned to him + asked "can you walk much?" He said "Oh, yes; I can do about very well," — and he walked me down without any trouble until finally I gave in + said I must take a street car for home at which he was very much amused. We visited Forsyth Park — one of the loveliest places I ever saw — saw the Confederate monument; visited Hodgson Hall + then had a walk down Bull Street to the River. The houses are all very pretty — there is an absence of the old, antiquated, + dirty negro residences stuck in here + there which is an eye-sore of Charleston. The streets have

nearly all an avenue of trees and it seems that every 3d block is a park where one can rest and enjoy the shade. These parks have monuments to Georgia heroes in them — such as the Gordon <sup>mu</sup> monument, the <sup>one to the</sup> Confederate dead, Pulaski monument, the Nathanael Greene monument, etc. Savannah is built on a high bluff of the Savannah River. It does a larger cotton business than Charleston, and there are evidences everywhere of an enterprise + "push" that is sadly lacking in South Carolina. But Savannah has two objections, — the water + the unpaved streets. The former is from the Savannah River and looks like lemonade with a taste very much inferior, however, to that excellent drink. The streets are about 6 inches deep in fine black dust, which is dreadful on lungs or linen, and a poor contrast to Charleston's granite streets.

On my return to the camp the General introduced me to our sponsor who was on the Grand Stand. Miss Virginia Fraser is one of the prettiest and liveliest little girls I ever saw. With one of the sweetest faces which is full of changing expression, she adds the charm of apt conversation and engaging manners which will tie up many a poor fellow's heart yet. I also met Miss Lester — a daughter of Savannah's mayor, — a charming little girl named Maud Heyward, and a Miss Lamab.

At night, Will Bond + I made a tour of the

city by electric light. The park was especially pretty then, and I have no doubt that half Savannah's matches are made in its delightful shadows — out under the trees within sight of its sparkling fountain but hidden from view by the protecting gloom of the foliage. The Infantry Companies drilled today but the judges would not let us enter the contest. It is a source of disappointment & disgust to us, — but we hear that they are afraid of us, and therefore will not let us engage in the competition. We are allowed, however,

1886

May 6th

To give an exhibition drill the next day. The boys drilled beautifully, & showed their superiority over all the others. They have taken the place by storm — and "the Charleston Cadets" is the theme of general conversation. We receive congratulations on all sides, and it is flattering as well as amusing to see the lieutenants, and sergeants of the other companies coming round to consult the cadets about tactics.

The unveiling of the Greene monument was the feature of the afternoon — and the Corps took part in it. Being on the Staff — I had my liberty, so I repaired to the Exchange where a bevy of beauties were seated on the veranda waiting for the completion of the unveiling ceremonies — at which time Mr. Davis was going to give the cadets a special reception at the Exchange. Our sponsor was there & Misses Heyward, Hopkins, & Lester. I also met the Governor's daughter — a nearsighted beauty (?)



of egotistical manners, who calls her home "The Mansion", says "Georgia is the Empire State — the New York of the South" — and wears the colors of the Continental Guards of New Orleans for which organization she is sponsor. She thinks South Carolina is a "tacky" State — and I might have learned more of her brilliant ideas, but the last one drove me away to our sweet little sponsor who forthwith pinned two buds on my coat which entirely restored my equanimity.

The Ex-President — the once brilliant head of the Confederate comet — the venerated hero of the South, was ushered into the hall. Our sponsor leaning on the General's arm advanced up to his chair, was introduced to him + kissed him. Then the battalion filed past him each shaking the old gentleman's hand. The first two that came up he caught by the hand, + rising made us a little speech about the heroism of the cadets at Fort Sumter. I was third in the line + although he held Walker's + Kinard's hand his eye as he spoke was kept fixed on mine. It lacks the great keenness + depth that is said once to have characterized <sup>it</sup> the old veteran seems to be sinking fast toward the verge of the grave; and every Southern man that sees the weakened frame + dimmed eye must feel a pang of sorrow and sympathy for the fallen figure-head of the "Lost Cause".

Tonight a grand pyrotechnic display was

sent off in the "Extension" of Forsyth Park. It was grand, indeed, and attracted the largest crowd of people I ever saw together. After the grand final blow-up, a party of us went round to Miss Heyward's & spent a very pleasant evening. A Miss Minnie Reese — daughter of the Mayor of Montgomery, Ala. — is a "daisy" from "way back," and quite captivated Spain.

1886.  
May 7th Friday. Henry Hartzog took me down to see "his girl" who is here on a visit, but we reached the hotel just in time to escort her and a friend of hers — a Miss Oliver — to the Depot. Miss Tyler is very pretty & shows that Henry has good taste. We continued our walk after putting the ladies on the train and seeing it roll away, much to Henry's sorrow, and saw the few things about Savannah that we had not already visited.

The tilting took place today; — but none of the teams did extraordinarily well. The battalion gave a dress parade as soon as the tilting ended, and made the finest appearance I ever saw them. The Louaves, who have taken quite a fancy to us, had a great number of us round to dine with them, and they gave us a first-class dinner. Tonight there is a banquet at the Chatham Artillery Armory but I concluded to remain in camp & take a rest. The military of Savannah have spared no expense to entertain the visiting companies, and Savannah hospitality distinguished itself.

1886.  
May 8th.

We were up at 5 o'clock this morning - breakfasted early and at 8 o'clock were off for Charleston, where we arrived tired, hungry, and dirty at 2 o'clock. The 1st thing was a soak in the bath-tub - and the next dinner. There was letter from Moll awaiting me - and to my delight I found she was still in the city. But my joy was as short-lived as Henry's, for I escorted her to the depot and saw the train with its enriable burden steam out and leave me alone on the platform.

1886.

May 11th

Like a traveller who has been journeying up a long slope, - through pleasant fields usually and at times in rocky places - with many a way-side lingering; meeting fellow-travellers here and there, but always journeying on & up the slope until at last the summit is attained, and he sits down & looks back upon the way he has come, - thus it is that I stand today at a summit in my life: it is my 21st birthday. Looking afar back over the path I have travelled my mind loses itself in the mists that cloud the horizon of memory. Gazing intently I can discern a far-off scene - or is it only the creation of the mental eye? It is a boy with a bow and arrow. He shoots it upward and with boyish rapture watches it in its flight as it rises, rises, quivers, turns, and swiftly, swiftly comes to earth again, & sticks up straight with its spike in the ground. But directly, by a misguided aim it falls in a neighboring tree-top and lies safely across two twigs.

Stones, are thrown unsuccessfully — sticks meet with the arrow's fate, and still the errant shaft remains unmoved. The boy trustfully kneels at the foot of the tree and asks "Dear God, please make the arrow fall." He rises & the arrow stands sticking up straight in the ground behind him. The scenes become a little clearer then, and I see the boys in the chancery-berry trees with the pop-guns, or, out by the old steam-mill with the kites. There are two frequented ponds in the woods where the pine-backs boats were launched, and further, out in an old sandy field, the place where we got our sassafras. Back of old Maumer's house is a tall persimmon-tree with many an old stick — thrown at the red, mealy fruit — lodged in his branches, and a little beyond an old ditch where the traps were set for the sparrows. Out in the pines there appear two sunny spots, which are as <sup>clearly</sup> visible as though they were at my feet. At the foot of an old pine on the ground covered with the dead needles of the tree, sit a mother with her little boy's head in her lap on the sunny winter morning, — and I linger with a fond remembrance on the picture. But now a turn in the path shuts out these views and new scenes, among the hills and rocks are opened up. The well-remembered school-house stands there by the wayside as of yore, and there seems to float to me across the valley on the crisp air of memory the mellow sound of the morning school-bell, that called us to the day's work.

There are new faces which become familiar, and as dear as those of other days. There is an interesting picture of young admirers of Robinson Crusoe at work on a cave in the gulleys, and also of many an exciting game of "Indians" in the woods.

Now the path is clear and plain, and I can distinguish the shadows that lie across it. There are remembrances now of many a boyish infatuation, and the faces of the adored ones come up in my memory with all the fresh tints that charmed my young fancy. There are, too, pictures of books that led my fancy on many an enchanting trip — of companionships with Peter Simple + Midshipman Easy, or Leatherstocking and Chingachgook. Here stand by the wayside a drug-store, and all its well filled shelves + showcases, its counters and drawers are as vivid as though but yesterday I was pouring "E. Opii. Camph." into half-oz. bottles or making "Bummie" smell hartshorn for cologne. Now the path draws nearer and the path that leads to the summit is approaching completion. The old Citadel with its familiar faces; its work; the military, are all along the way now. Time has sped away — and the summit which a short distance back seemed so far away has got nearer + nearer and today, almost like a jump I stand upon the summit. Mouth lies in a broad landscape behind me — manhood lies before, but every object ahead is hidden by the fog of

uncertainty — not a view can I obtain, & I turn again my gaze with a kind of sadness upon the objects I have passed, & let my thoughts dwell wistfully upon "the scenes of my child-hood, so dear to my heart."

1886.

July 9th

There was a "Good-by Meeting" of the "G.P.S." tonight at Mrs. Smith's and all the boys and girls spent a final pleasant evening together. Mrs. Magrath had made all us boys a souvenir in the shape of a badge to recall to memory many of the happiest evenings spent in Charleston. Mrs. Smith gave us a nice supper — and the time was spent in unusual pleasure as we knew it would be our last gathering together.

1886.

July 25th

The Baccalaureate Sermon delivered before the Graduating Class by Rev. O. S. Darby at the Citadel Square Baptist Church today was one of the most eloquent efforts I ever heard from the sacred desk. The text was from Micah II., 10. "For this is not your rest;" and the whole discourse was full of grand passages, and fraught with wholesome advice to young men just about to enter life.

1886.

July 26th

The exercises of our Society came off tonight, and upon the whole I am quite contented with the effect we made. Coke (Jennings) made a most eloquent valedictory, and in Chapel the next morning the General thanked him before the Corps for his masterly appeal for higher education.

1886.

July 27th

Tonight the Anniversary Exercises of the Calliopean Society were held in Hibernian Hall. I took Moll out to them, and in spite of her decided preference for the "Calliope" entertainment, I think that the "Polly"

need not be afraid of a comparison. Governor Shepard had presented us with our Society diplomas; the same office was performed for the Calliopean Society by our ex-Supt., Col. Thomas.

1886.

July 28th

Graduation Day! That day so long-looked for, so important, & so full of interest, pride, and happiness, that ushers the student upon a new field of life.

When our Class entered the Citadel, we were about 190 in number. Our "Casualties" have been great — for today we graduate 53. Our 4 year Cadetship has been on the whole pleasant — but of course, each is anxious to enter upon life's work.

We have formed a Class organization. Kinsard was elected Pres., & I Sec. I shall keep a record of the members, ~~and~~ and we hope to keep in remembrance the associations at the Citadel as well.

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Today the Class of '86, — the first graduating class since the War — had the honors of graduation conferred

upon them. There are 53 of us — true and tried friends who for four years have hung together, through good + bad, "thick + thin". Our paths diverge today, and as the 53 march from the platform they are together for the last time on earth.

Tonight the Association of Graduates had a supper at the Charleston Hotel. It was done up in style, and the clock struck three ere the last toast was drowned in the sparkling champagne. I took none.

July 31st  
1886.

Moll + I left for Chester today. We stopped over 3 hours in Columbia at Aunt Alice's, and arrived at home a little after 4 P.M.

Aug. 31st  
1886

Have been home one month today — and have spent it quite refreshingly after my hard work at the close of the term. Mollie has been at home, too, and thus added all the charm to it that a beloved one can. The folks have fixed up a delightful little room down at Lula's for me and I sleep there at night — taking, however, all my meals at home. Mr. Witherow + family have moved to Winnsboro. At home we have played croquet nearly every afternoon + auction pitch at night. I have been studying book-keeping a little as that will be one of the branches I shall teach at the Citadel. I received my notification of election as Asst. Prof. in the South Carolina Military Academy on the 8th inst. Am greatly pleased at my good luck in obtaining it. I consider I owe it all to Gen. John

Aug. 8th  
1886



ston, who has taken the kindest interest in me.

Tonight we were all gathered round the card table absorbed in a game of auction pitch. It was a few moments before ten, + Harper + a couple of his try friends were in the parlor — and in their high glee, as we supposed, were either having a big dance or were moving the organ across the room, for the floor was vibrating + a rumbling <sup>noise</sup> sounding like it came from the parlor was clearly perceived. In a moment more, however, Harper appeared at the door. "Earthquake!" he shouted, + instantly <sup>we</sup> were on foot. The whole house was shaking violently + the windows rattled away a most lively rate. The women folks almost fainted, + before the quake was over, loud yelling all over town told of the fright the people were in. The first violent + protracted shock was succeeded by several minor ones which rumbled considerably + rattled the windows ~~continuously~~ <sup>only</sup> for several seconds. The darkeys were very much worried + rendered night almost sleepless by their improvised prayer-meetings.

1886.  
Sept 3<sup>d</sup>

The earth-quake we had the other night was of terrible violence in Charleston. About 35 or 40 people were killed, many wounded, + the whole City laid in ruins. Many of the large + beautiful buildings were demolished, and the entire population sent homeless + frightened to the public parks for safety. The

shocks have continued, but of far less violence. One shock tonight approached somewhat the violence of the first - knocking down some buildings in Charleston which were already damaged. The people are terror-stricken + thousands are destitute - but the Cities North, East, South, + West have responded benevolently + probably \$150,000 has been raised for their relief. Tents have been sent by the Government + all the public squares present a queer appearance, like the encampment of a mass like the Crusaders.

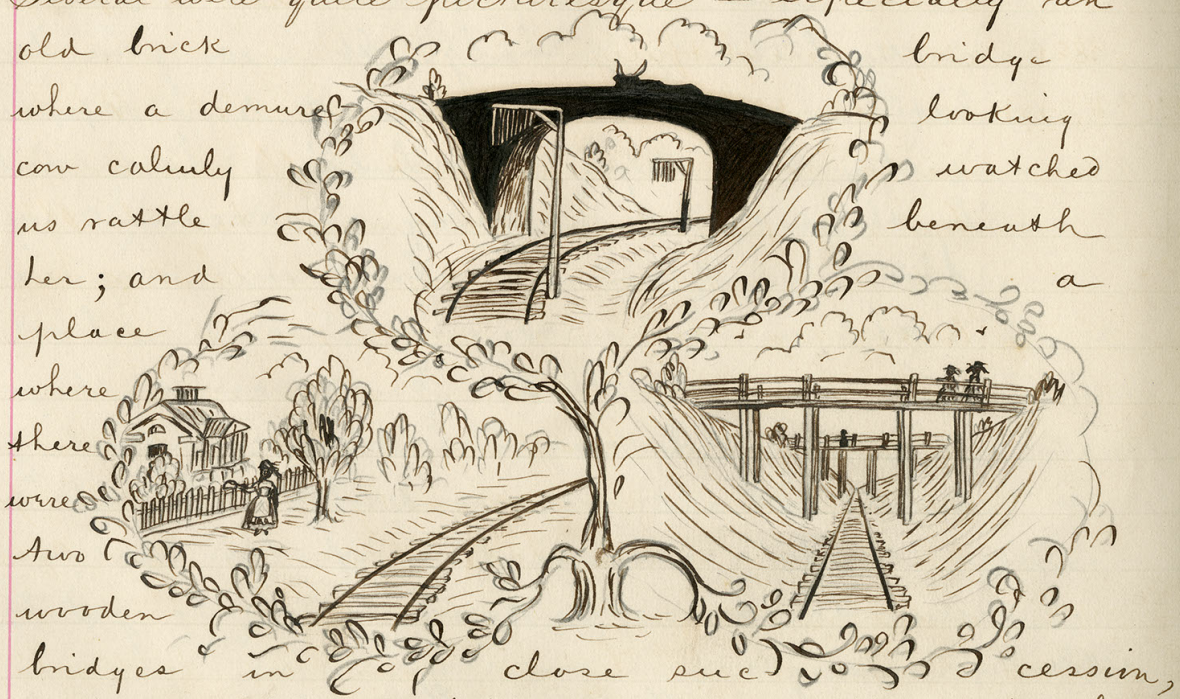
This morning at 8<sup>20</sup> o'clock, Lula had a pretty little girl baby. It is a fine looking little shaver - as red as a ripe apple - with pretty blue eyes like Lula's. Edd dubbed it "Earth-quake" right away on account of the troublous times in which she arrived - but as this name is too long, I have shortened it to Quaker + by these two names it goes. There is quite a discussion over what its genuine name shall be, and I think it will take a careful consideration of the census rolls since the time of Washington to get this baby a name.

1886

Sept. 6th

Aunt Mollie + Moll went home today. The Quaker is doing first-rate. Reports of the devastation in Charleston still come. People leaving the City by hundreds. Uncle Johnnie's family homeless. Auntie + children gone to Marion. Citadel damaged but will be ready 1st of October.

1886  
 Sept. 30<sup>th</sup> Sallie Roach + I left home today. Ma + Pa both went to the Depot with us - and the goodby was painful - but it had to be said - + soon the pleasant fields of Chester + all the dear folks were left behind. In Winnsboro, we saw Mr. Witherow + Mary who came to the Depot to see us. At Columbia I left Sall + just before sundown I took a seat in the rear end of the South Carolina Railway train, + began my journey to the shaken City-by-the-Sea. I enjoyed the views from the rear window of the car as they rapidly travelled to the rear. Several were quite picturesque - especially an old brick bridge where a demure cow calmly looked us rattle beneath her; and a place where there were two wooden bridges in close succession, + some girls watched us steam beneath them. The brakeman - who was a rather good looking young man of the susceptible age - was fixing the red + green lanterns on the rear of the coach (although it was still quite light) when we passed a neat cot-



stage in front of which stood a neatly dressed girl who waved him a salute. He nodded twice in return + watched the disappearing figure with a wistful eye, I thought.

I had a delightful surprise at Branchville. Moll was there! and we had a comfortable little chat for 15 minutes, before I was again rapidly approaching the City. No one was expecting me at the Citadel - Uncle Johnnie's folks were in Marion, + Uncle Johnny's place of temporary residence closed - so I went to Hotel, had a bath, ate the nice lunch Sis had prepared, + slept delightfully.

1886.

Oct. 1st

Went to Citadel early - saw Mr. White, who gave me a room + then went with me down town to buy my furniture. It amounted to \$68 but I got my room nicely fixed + that's a comfort. It looks real cozy - + I am proud of it. Sis + the other folks at home have made me nice pillow-shaws, bedding, mats, etc. which set off my room considerably. Saw Uncle Johnny. Also had measure taken for my new Officer's uniform.

1886

Oct. 2d

George von Kolnitz came up to the Citadel + he + I went out to their former house. It is almost a complete wreck. All the beautiful frescoed walls, + the heavy moldings are cracked + broken + to me the house looks irreparable - but workmen are at it fixing it up. The family are living on Rutledge Avenue.

George got his pony + dog-cart + drove me around to see the ruins. Some of the houses look dreadful — especially below Broad St. In the afternoon, Maj. Cain + I make a pedestrian tour of the same region + examine the wrecks critically. The City has certainly been fearfully visited.

1886.

Oct. 22<sup>d</sup>

Have become settled in my routine of duty. Find teaching entertaining — + think I can make a success of it. At present I have charge of the 4th Class of 67 members in Algebra and all the Classes in Drawing. I got my first officer's uniform last night. I am quite proud of my lieutenant's epaulettes — 2d lieut. though it is. Harrison + I have fallen much more easily into Faculty chairs than I expected. I like Maj. Emerson first-rate. He is quiet, phlegmatic, but I think is a man of merit + one who will put in slow, steady, unceasing work. Lt. Wells is — to phrase it popularly — a "jim-dandy". Of excellent figure, + horizontal imperial moustache, + very military when in his yellow-striped trousers. Has a pleasant wife, + pretty little daughter (Gertrude) of two years age.

An obituary of Lt. Weaver, who left us in July, written by one of the Cadets who did not like the Lt., excited some merriment in barracks just after our

return. It was written in chalk on one of the barracks stairways, + ran thus:

" Lt. Erasmus M. Weaver  
departed this Academic life in July 1886.

'The U. S. gave, the U. S. have taken  
away; blessed is the name of the U. S.' "

We had quite a severe shock of earthquake this morning at 5<sup>20</sup> o'clock. My bed shook violently + the mirror to my bureau vibrated for some time after the perceptible motion ceased. This afternoon when in the class room at 3 o'clock, another violent shock came. The walls creaked + swayed and the boys started for the door. "Stop, - steady!" I cried; they resumed their seats + the recitation was continued. Soon the vibrations died away.

Our mess - consisting of Mr. White, China, Harrison, + I - have a nice little dining-room to ourselves - and the fare is first-rate. Harrison + myself usually take a stroll in the City from nearly sundown until supper-time. These "constitutionals" are very enjoyable - especially down on the Battery, the Pond, the wharves, or elsewhere. We do not go out much at night - but spend that time in my room in instructive reading and study.

1886  
Nov. 20th

Maj. Emerson, Harrison, and I have organized ourselves into a literary club for the study of English writers and their works. Maj. E. held forth on last Saturday on Daniel DeFoe.

He gave us an exceedingly entertaining acct. of the chequered career of this elastic statesman. To-night, Harrison expatiated on Tobias Smollett — the author of Roderick Random + Humphrey Clinker. Like my study — Mr. Laurence Sterne — Smollett doesn't mind saying just whatever he thinks about. Sterne, especially, is exceedingly indelicate, although his humor is inimitable in Tristram Shandy.

1886

Dec. 4th

Tonight Maj. Emerson gave us in our literary society a most entertaining account of Dean Swift. Harrison has Addison for next Saturday — + I Dryden after him.

1886

Dec. 9th

I concluded that I would begin to be sociable this evening, and made a good resolution, i.e., that I would pay at least two social visits every week. I went down to see Miss Camilla Johnson tonight. Miss Georgie Courtenay came in while I was there, and there were two "City boys" present. Pleasant evening.

1886.

Dec. 10th

"Doc" + I went down to see our Savannah sponsor — Miss Virginia Fraser<sup>tonight</sup>. She is a very sweet, gay, + charming young lady. There is, too, a sober + thoughtful + a noble nature beneath that gay + lovely exterior; — and it was our fortune to get a sight of it tonight. We spent a most delightful evening.

1886.

Dec. 11th

Spent today at Uncle Johnnie's. Tonight I went round to see Miss Lizzie + Miss Annie Ellis. Miss Annie gave us some delightful music.

1886  
Dec. 16th I left the Citadel early this A.M. and arrived in Bamberg about 9 o'clock. Aunt Mellie met me - but as she was on her way to school - I was escorted to the house by a Mr. Fishburne. Sis + Momie were the only ones at home - excepting Miss Kizzie Pickens. After expressions of delight, and a short conversation, I went round to the school-house - a very tumble-down affair - and got a glimpse of a school-girl in one corner which interested me wonderfully. After an introduction to the young principal, - a very deliberate + precise gentleman, - and a look over Miss Mamie Pickens' + Aunt Mellie's + Mr. Wood's departments, and after hearing a grammar + a Latin class recite, <sup>seeing</sup> the whole school go thro' the calisthenic exercises, Moll got off and she + I went on home together. It had been so long since I had seen her that I was delighted to be once more with her. We dined about four o'clock - when Sall and Mr. Rice arrived. Mr. Rice is lively + full of fun. I like him very much. Moll + I had a walk to the Post Office about dark, and later we went to the Depot to meet Miss Mamie Pickens on the eight o'clock train. I met Mr. Eaves at the Depot.

1886.  
Dec. 17th Moll went to school today - + Mr. Rice + I after <sup>went</sup> going to the Post Office where I meet Gen. Rice. We then walked down Railroad Avenue + saw the principal dwellings of Bamberg. Coming on back by the school-house, I asked Mr. Wood to let Moll off + we went home. Mr. Rice proposed a trip to the Edisto River. He, I, + Moll - (the latter sitting between us) had a most delightful drive of 2½ miles to the River, where we took out the horse, + strolled over the Bridge into Orangeburg Co. We cut some ratan sticks, + ate our lunch on the bridge,



and then had a pleasant ride home. After dinner Auntie + I went down the street. I met Mr. Geo. Bamberg—a son of the founder of this town. We then went down Main St.—in which all the stores are, and then went out to a house in the suburbs to see Mrs. Brabham. Mrs. B. was "butchering" + so we continued our walk out to Mrs. Hartzog's (Henry's mother). On the way we met a sister of Henry—a Mrs. Lang Rice. She accompanied us in to Mrs. Hartzog's. Mrs. H. has rather a poor opinion of my sex: she is very talkative + amused us for some time. On our way home, we met Mr. Lang Rice, + also a Mr. E. P. Rice. This country abounds in Rices. Tonight the Chataugua Circle—a literary organization of which Mr. Mood is the President—had a meeting here at Aunt Mellie's. Mr. Mouzon, Mr. Ray, Moll, + Mr. Mood read very entertaining essays on historic subjects. Mr. Risher (the "Lee" of whom Moll has written me so often) was also present. Ray is a jolly fellow. He + Risher stayed until 12 o'clock.

1886

Dec. 18<sup>th</sup>

Today, after a run down the street with Flomie, Sis, + Moll—Mr. Rice, Moll, + I (Moll in the middle as before) had a drive out to his mother's house. Mrs. Rice is a very pleasant lady—of great refinement. Mr. Rice, too, or "Uncle Lou", is an admirable character. I saw Sis's fiancée. He is a strong, handsome fellow, + I like him very much. After a milk-shake + a slice of cake in the house—we set out on our return, ~~home~~, + had a rapid drive home, as it was threatening rain. There I met Mr. Price (Edgar's father) + his little son, Jimmie.

1886

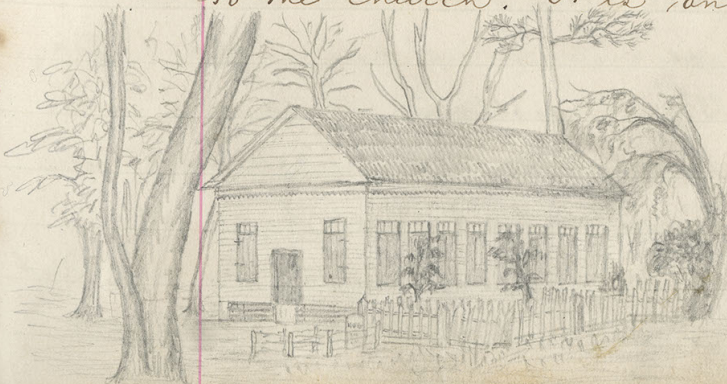
Dec. 19th

Went to Sunday School with Moll, + stayed until Church services were over. They have a very good Sunday School +, I am told, the best congregation in town. In the afternoon Mr. Rice + Sall, and Moll + I take a walk around town, see Moll's old home, visit the Cemetery, + see the grave of Wilmot Hartzog. Mr. Matthews + Eugene Guess called in the evening and we all have a pleasant chat.

1886

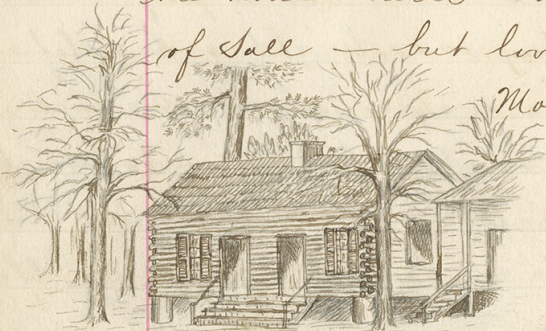
Dec. 20th

We spent a delightful day at Springtown. We were all wrapped up snugly in shawls + overcoats - for the wind blew cool tho' the day was bright + beautiful - + we set out in a two-horse wagon, about 10 o'clock. It was thro' an interesting country familiar to all but Dix + (D), + we were entertained in having the well known landmarks pointed out to us as we passed by. There was one peculiar old tree along the roadside. Although it was only seven miles, we were at least two hours getting to the Little Salkehatchie + Springtown. it was very pleasant wagon, that was no objection. We walked over the bridge across the Salkehatchie, + then drove up to the church. It is an ante-bellum structure with



company in the no recommendations of comfort. Very hard cold benches + a pulpit as bare as any sermon ever delivered from it - appeared less inviting still on this December day. There was a right good

organ which I opened with my knife blade + six + the others played + sang several sacred songs. In the graveyard which surrounds the church is the resting place of Dr. Roach, + Aunt Mellie's husband. I met there at the graveyard Dr. Rice (Hayne's father) and a Col. Davo Rice. We went up to see the house where Moll was born, + where, next week, Sall + Mr. Rice are going to take up their abode. The loneliness of the place + the rather comfortless architecture of the house will hardly harmonize with the liveliness of Sall — but love counts nothing a sacrifice.



Moll + I sat on a log down by the well, while I drew a picture of the house where her baby eyes first saw the light. Then we all repaired to the school-house near the church where the viands were spread on the front porch, + we did full justice to them. We shortly afterwards embarked again



+ drove over to the "Pinckney Place" — five miles from Springtown. It must have been a handsome place before the war — but is now a solitary wilderness. We also stopped at the Abney Place on our way back — + also at Cedar Spring — a beautiful + powerful spring of clear, sweet water. We got back at dark + enjoyed the warm fire. After tea we went over to Judge Ro's. Mrs. Ro is a daughter of the author Gilmore Simons. The "Judge" is a jolly

gentleman, — + his two daughters very pleasant girls. I had intended leaving for home in the morning + had

But I resolved, about 10'clock that I would wait and go up home Friday with the others. Henry Hartzog came round to see me tonight. He tells me — + I hear from all sides — good reports, of himself.

1886.

Dec. 21st

We did some walking round in the morning — and in the afternoon Mr. Rice, Moll, + I drove out a few miles in the country on the Hunter's Chapel Road to get some cane sirup. It was a delightful ride because it was a bright clear evening, and the air was crisp and cool, and we were well wrapped up.

1886.

Dec. 22d

Mr. Rice + I shelled corn until half-past eleven. Henry Hartzog called + he + I paid some visits round town. We went in to see Mrs. Copeland, + I had a good fall down the front steps as we were coming out. Then we went over to the Eavrs + spent a half hour there. At half past one o'clock Mr. Rice + I set out for a drive to Woodland — the homestead of Wm. Gilmore Simms, the author. We passed through Midway — a Railroad station 3 miles from Bamberg. Woodland is a magnificent old place. The grove of grand old oaks + mock-oranges in front of it is the finest I have ever seen. We got back for four o'clock dinner. Mr. Rice + Sall, + Moll + I took tea, at Mrs. Lang Rice's. There were several others present and we spent an enjoyable evening.

1886

Dec. 23d

Mr. Rice + I drove out to Oakley. I met his sister — Maggie — a pleasant young lady. We got back

about three - and after dinner I went down the street & began a game of chess with Henry Hartzog - but not having come to a conclusion by dark - we broke off even. The Rows came over in the evening and we had some music. For an account of this trip in rhyme, see "A Christmas Trip."

1886

Dec. 24<sup>th</sup>

We left Bamberg this morning at half past eight for home, - only poor Sall being left behind. We had a stay of a few hours in Columbia - leaving the Capital at 1<sup>30</sup>. At Winnsboro the train "broke down" & we had a wait of nearly two hours, and got home at 6 o'clock.

1886.

Dec. 25<sup>th</sup>

Went up on the Hill & saw my old friends. After dinner Sis & Mi. Matthews & Moll & I took a walk round town - the afternoon being clear & bright.

1886.

Dec. 31<sup>st</sup>.

The year is gone - another link of life has dropped off - and another chapter of memories is recorded in each heart. Some have bitter recollections - others sweet. I glance back & think that 1886 shines with more favor upon me than any previous year. In February I stood first in the Graduating Class, thus outdoing my most sanguine expectations. In May, the Corps had a delightful trip of a week to Savannah, where it took part in the Chatham Artillery Centennial, and met the old hero, Jefferson Davis. On the 11<sup>th</sup> May, I was 21 years old, reaching manhood just before our graduation, which occurred on July 28<sup>th</sup>. This was a crowning event in our lives. On Aug. 8<sup>th</sup> I received notification of my election as an Assistant Prof. in the S.C.M.A. Aug. 31<sup>st</sup> recalls the dreadful Earthquake. It occurred while I was

in Chester. In Oct. I begin my duties, at the Academy. I spend a portion of my Christmas holidays in Bamberg. My scholastic success — & my interest in religion, which was revived during Moody & Sankey's meetings here the latter part of March, have made me much happier. I have seen Moll a great deal, all have kept comparatively well at home. On Sept. 3<sup>d</sup> — "The Quaker" — Lula's little babe arrived, & at Xmas was a winning little cherub. I look back with interest upon these incidents, — trusting the coming year may be as bright & happy as the one now fast ebbing into the past.

1887

Jan. 1st.

We ate a 5 o'clock dinner at home. I had not spent New Year's Day with them for several years.

1887.

Jan. 2d

Ma & I and Moll & Jess went over to hear Mr. Sanders preach from the text "And they crucified him," — Matt. XXVII, 35. At night Florrie, Ma, Jess, Moll, & I hear him again preach a good sermon from the text, "Redeeming the time," Coloss. IV, 5.

1887

Jan. 3d

Moll & I left home today. We met Harrison at Col<sup>a</sup> & I introduced him to Moll. At Branchville Dale met us, & there we separated — Moll & Dale for Bamberg, the two young Professors for Charleston — where they arrived at 10<sup>20</sup> P.M.

1887

Jan. 9th

Attended Trinity Church this morning. Mr. Willson gave us a good sermon from the text, "Thy Kingdom come," Matthew, VI, 10. I met Beverly Stokes, — a playmate of mine when a child in Marion, — there.

1887

Jan. 10th

Heard Mr. Leitch at Trinity tonight. His text was "Be ye therefore perfect" — perfect in love — Matt. V, 48.

1887

Jan. 11th.

Mr. Dibble preached at Trinity tonight. They are having revival services there. His text was, "How long halt ye between two opinions," etc — I Kings, XVIII, 21

1887

Jan. 16th

This morning I heard Mr. Willson give a good sermon on the text, "Is it well with thee," etc. — II Kings, IV, 26.

Mr. Beatty has been sent to Springstreet Church this year — & as I am interested in him, I desired to hear him preach. I have not met him yet, & as I was only 11 years old when he saw me last, I could listen to him without his knowing it. His text was, "x x x We have found the Messiah," etc. — John, I, 40, 41. His voice is deep except when in a high pitch, his gestures forcible, his language not rhetorical but abounding in illustrations, some of which were quite pretty, and very often there is a streak of humor visible. He puts things in a practical & not a metaphysical way. Altogether I was quite pleased with him. He looks young — wears no beard — hair "roached" up — is about 5 feet 10 inches high — would weigh about 145 or 150 lbs, I imagine. His total ensemble is attractive, I think. (June 5<sup>th</sup> — About 125 lbs would be nearer Mr. B's wt.)

1887.

Jan. 23<sup>rd</sup>

Heard Mr. Willson preach today at Trinity on the text "x x x Am I my brother's keeper?" — Gen. IV, 9.

Tonight I heard Mr. Beatty again at Springstreet on the parable of the sower — Matt. XIII, 1-9.

1887.

Jan. 24th

Heard Mr. Walling preach tonight at Trinity on the work of the Holy Spirit in the human heart.

1887.

Jan. 25th

Mr. Walling preached again tonight at Trinity on the text, John, III, 16 — "For God so loved the world" — etc. He is an excellent preacher — & the revival services at Trinity are succeeding well. Mr. Walling is going to Brazil this spring as a missionary.

1887. Heard Mr. Dibble, at Trinity tonight preach a good sermon  
 Jan. 28th on the text, "x x x x except ye repent, ye shall all likewise  
 1887. perish,"— Luke, XIII, 3 + 5.

Jan. 30th Mr. Willson preached at Trinity this morning on  
 the text, "Remember Lot's wife," Luke, XVII, 32. To-  
 night I go up to Springstreet & hear Mr. Beatty give  
 a good sermon on the text, "Ye are my friends, if  
 ye do whatsoever I command you," John, XV, 14.

1887. I was taken with a slight attack of  
 Feb. 22 measles Monday morning, & have been abed since.  
 Wednes.

I have received a good deal of attention — my  
 friends have visited me, & I have received fruit &  
 delicacies — & Harrison in his  
 leisure hours has read to

me, & so I have been  
 tained a good deal.  
 there are two or three  
 in the morning when  
 left alone & not ab-  
 to read. It is rather



in his  
 read to  
 enter-  
 Beat  
 hours  
 I am  
 bored  
 dull

at such times. My only prospect is a half-rai-  
 ed window — & thro' it I can only discern the  
 top of one of the stores on King St, & watch the  
 shadow on the chimney. I have watched for a  
 pigeon, or a buzzard to cross my little patch  
 of sky — but I havan't seen a sign of life.  
 I can hear the bells on the street-car horses as  
 they pass on the street below, & the "clink-clink"  
 of the chisels & hammers, of the workmen on the Cal-  
 houn monument — but I can't see them.



1887.

Feb. 3<sup>d</sup>

Thursday

I should have been at home today to attend Sis's wedding, but owing to my sickness Monday, Tuesday, & Wednesday, - could not go. She & Mr. Matthews are to be united at one o'clock & take the train for Grahams.

1887

Feb. 6<sup>th</sup>

Heard Mr. Willson at Trinity today on the text, "Lord remember me" etc. Luke, XXIII, 42, 43. Tonight I hear Mr. Beatty on the text, "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them," Matt. VII, 20.

1887

Feb. 13<sup>th</sup>

I heard Mr. Willson, at Trinity today preach on the text, "x x be ye steadfast, unmovable, x x." I. Cor. XV, 58. I dined at Dr. Baers' - attended S. S., & at night Mr. Dibble preached a very effective sermon on the text, "ye shall be witnesses unto me, x x x" Acts. I. 8.

1887

Feb. 19<sup>th</sup>

Saturday Night. Another week gone. The usual day routine. Monday evening, Harrison, "Doc", & I dined supped with Miss Virginia. Tuesday Night supped, at Auntie's; Mr. Witherow was there. Wednesday was at a musical entertainment at Mayor Courtenay's. Thursday night called on Genl. & family. Friday night didn't go out. Was taken suddenly ill with fever this morning. Am in bed now. The "Shakespeare Club" (composed of Maj. E., Har., & I) met in here tonight & read "Twelfth Night."

1887

Feb. 27<sup>th</sup> '87

Sunday Night. The semi-annual examinations closed on Friday, - so my first term of professorship is ended. It has been very satisfactory. The past week I have been out little. Heard some sweet music Monday night, by Miss Annie Miller. Tuesday evening, "Doc", Miss Abbie, Miss Mazjck & I played "Last Year". Wednesday evening called on Mr. & Mrs. Miller & the Bishop. Saturday night, Maj. E. Harrison, "Doc", & I organized a lawn tennis club.

I heard Mr. Willson today at Trinity. I dined at Mr. H. C. Robertson's. Young Mr. + Mrs. Arthur Pelzer were there. Tonight I went up to hear Mr. Beatty preach on the text, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see," John, IX, 25. It was a right good sermon.

1887.

Mar. 6th

Sunday Night. "Doc" + I on last Monday afternoon went down to Miss Virginia Fraser's and played lawn tennis. Tuesday afternoon we held our 1st dress-parade since last July — and I had the honor of conducting it. Tuesday night I visited Capt. Mazjck + family down stairs. The Capt. + Mrs. M. are both well-read + quite entertaining. On Wednesday afternoon, "Doc" + I went down to bring Miss Virginia + Miss Edith (her sister) up to see Harrison conduct his first parade. Wednesday night I paid a call at the Countrays'. Friday afternoon, "Harrison", "Buck" Robertson, + I were down at Miss Virginia's to play tennis. Friday night I took Miss Josie McLean out to the Academy of Music to see Dr. J. P. Bond graduate from the S. C. Med. College. He stood 6th in a class of 18 — which is well, considering the disadvantages under which he has labored. Mr. W. C. Benet delivered the address; — an elegant + eloquent address on the present age, — but according to my humble opinion, far more oratorical than sound. On Saturday afternoon, Har., Schimer + I had a long stroll up town. This morning I heard Mr. Willson preach at Trinity on the text, Acts, II, 47. I attended Sunday School this afternoon, — and tonight heard Mr. Wollings' farewell sermon before he leaves for his missionary labors in

Brazil. His text was Hebrews, IV, 12-13, and his sermon was powerful + affecting. The house was literally jammed - it being a combined meeting of all the congregations of the Methodist churches of the City. All the ministers were on the pulpit stand. Mr. Holling is so full of energy + earnestness, that it did indeed seem, as Mr. Boyd said, that we had some of the old Apostles' fire - some of the zeal of Paul, in these latter days.

1887

March 13<sup>th</sup>

Sunday Night. I haven't visited any this week, except on Thursday afternoon, when "Doc" + I went down to Miss Virginia's to play lawn tennis. I saw Miss Nannie Agurs on the street that afternoon + went to bring her up to the Citadel Friday afternoon, but the Jones had moved + I couldn't find the place. Yesterday, Harrison + I visited one of the phosphate manufactories up on the Ashley River. We saw a big pile of sulphur in the yards. It was from Sicily - Etna, I guess. We saw the furnaces + process of making " $H_2SO_4$ ", + inside the big establishment the making of the "guano." You see on one side a huge pile of a black powder. This is "powdered blood" from the shambles of Chicago. On another side a big brown pile; this is fish scrap from New Foundland or North Carolina. On another side, a big salt looking pile; this is potash or "Kainit" from Germany. A fourth yellowish looking pile is powdered phosphate-rock from the Ashley River. All of these materials after having gone thro' other portions of the establishment + prepared, are carried up by an endless chain of buckets to the very top apart-

ment where men weigh out certain amounts of each & these are dumped into a revolving drum which has mixing fingers in it. A lot of acid is turned on, & the whole is thoroughly jumbled up. A door in the drum opens, the contents drop into a car below, which is then shoved down a long gallery, which is the roof of a long shed, & then the fertilizer is dumped between the rafters into the apartment below. There are such enormous quantities of material here that it <sup>is</sup> like a small mountain, & you may look down & see the negroes below mining it out with picks & shovels & barrels. The most wonderful sight is to see, about 20, of the negroes in the loading room engaged in filling a railroad car with sacks. They go at full speed, 3 & 4 together, racing for the gang plank, one on another's heels, like an avalanche or a drove of cattle, but they rarely run off the gang-plank, or run into each other. I saw one fellow miss it once, — his sack went off the platform but he succeeded in holding up. The gang is about 6½ feet long & just as they get to it they have to make a turn of a right angle, & it is astonishing how a whole horde of these straying truckmen racing down like race-horses, can all pile into the car & out without having a general complete bustup of trucks, sacks, men, & all. The Supt. says that the other day <sup>one of</sup> the truckmen couldn't stop after turning across the gang, & that he, truck, & sack, all went right on thro' the car, — broke thro' a fence on the other side, & landed in the field beyond. It didn't surprise me.

1887.  
March, 20<sup>th</sup>.

I am in charge today & couldn't go to church or Sunday S. Sunday Night. — Into the past has dropped away, another week. On Monday night, I went round to the Jones' to see Miss Nannie. Tuesday night, I was at prayer-meeting at Trinity. Wednesday night, "Doc" & I went down to see Miss Abbie & Miss Fady until 11<sup>30</sup> — playing "Lost Hair." Thursday night, Harrison & I supped at the Mayor's, & met Miss Douglas from Savannah, — and a Miss Sams from Beaufort. I brought Miss Nannie & Miss Lillie up to our parade Thursday afternoon. Friday night I did not go out. Saturday I staid in by the fire nursing my cold. In the morning Miss Mamie Pickens came up to tell me about Moll, who is quite sick with measles. Will DuBois called up in the afternoon for a few minutes chat. Today, I have not been out, owing to being in charge, but have had rather a lonely time here, by myself most of the time.

1887

April 10

Sunday Night: — Very little has happened of interest in the past 3 weeks. Doc, Har., the Maj., & I have played a good deal of lawn-tennis up at Hampstead Mall, where we have a very good court. Miss Josie McLean has graduated & gone home. Doc, Maj. E., & I attended Easter services today at the Cathedral Chapel. The singing was elegant. Bishop Northrop preached. Tonight, I went to St. Paul's, and heard some fine singing, & a good sermon by Mr. Campbell.

1887.

Apr. 24

Sunday Night: — I have paid some calls during the past week. Maj. E. & I called on Capt. Mojzick & family Monday evening. Tuesday evening, I was

at prayermeeting. Wednesday evening, Harrison <sup>and</sup> I called at Miss Virginia's + spent a pleasant evening. Miss Warren, a Miss + Mr. McKenney <sup>and</sup> a Mr. Waring were there. Thursday evening, I called on the newly-married couple, Mr. + Mrs. Hugh Pemberton. Mrs. P. is a very pleasant lady. Friday evening I called to see the Chapmans + enjoyed my visit very much. Saturday I dined at Uncle Jo's - Hattie + I played our duetts - + in the afternoon we Professors have our usual game of Tennis up at Hampstead. I am in charge today, + so have not been out. I expect Sis + Mr. Matthews down tomorrow night, to be present at the unveiling on Tuesday. Mall will also be down.

Week before last, I had a surprise. "Whity" Stokes, whom I hadn't seen for nearly 10 years called up to the Citadel to see me. We were 12-yr old boys when we parted last in Marion. He is a Dr. - just having been graduated in medicine at Baltimore. He will practice in Walterboro' probably.

I received news on Thursday of the drowning of poor little Jimmy Dyches, on the 16th inst, in the lake in front of his father's house in Fla. He was alone in a sail-boat which capsized. He was a good swimmer + tried to reach shore - but gave out + sank within a few feet of shallow water. When his father got there about 25 minutes later, + dived for the body, it was too late to resuscitate the drowned boy. He was about 14 years old, I should think.

1887

Apr. 26<sup>th</sup> Cathoun Day: - Mr. Matthews + Sis came down last night to spend today in the City. They are occupying my room. I went up to meet them, + also Moll who is staying with the Kiulochs. There is a tremendous crowd in the City. The parade was magnificent. The Profs. of the Citadel had seats on the stand, but we couldn't hear any of Sec. Lamar's speech. The unveiling of Calhoun's Statue, was nicely accomplished. Tonight, Sis + Mr. M., + Moll + I went down to the Floral Fair. There was a crowd of people there, sure. Sis + Mr. M. leave for their home tonight.

1887

Apr. 29<sup>th</sup> The Cadet Picnic was held at Mt. Pleasant today. Moll + I went over at 10 o'clock + spent the day pleasantly together.

1887

May 3<sup>d</sup> Moll + I had a pleasant stroll over the New Bridge this afternoon. It was delightfully cool over there, + we swung around on the "draw-bridge" and saw a tug steam thro'.

1887

May 4<sup>th</sup> Harrison + I took tea at Mr. John Kiuloch's tonight, - + spent a pleasant evening. Moll + Mrs. Annie Rowe entertained us mostly. Mrs. K. is a daughter of the novelist + historian + poet, Simms. Annie Rowe is a granddaughter of the same.

1887

May 10<sup>th</sup> Moll left for home today. I saw her off, + then went up to Magnolia to attend the ceremonies of Memorial Day.

1887

May 11<sup>th</sup> I am 22 years old today. Our club played tennis this afternoon. Maj. E. + I won the championship of the club, + will have the honor of defending it, if any other club challenges us. I

1887. Took Ma at Dr. Baer's, & spent a pleasant evening.  
 May 15<sup>th</sup>. Was at church this a.m. Heard Mr. Dibble  
 preach a fine sermon. Dined at Uncle Jo's. Had some  
 music & singing there. Went to Sunday School. We  
 have a splendid school. This afternoon there were  
 present "39 officers & teachers; 302 pupils; 47 visitors,  
 — total 388. Collection, \$9.14." The school sings  
 well, recites well, & looks well. Tonight, Harri-  
 son & I heard an excellent discourse & some fine  
 music at the Citadel Square Baptist Church. It  
 has just been repaired from the earthquake disas-  
 ter — & it is a beautiful temple. Quite a large  
 congregation was in attendance.

1887  
 May 22<sup>d</sup> Sunday night. — It has been raining all day  
 & I have not been out of the Academy. The  
 work has passed as usual. On Tuesday night all of  
 us bachelor-professors were invited to a tea party  
 down at the General's. A number of ladies were  
 present & we spent a very pleasant evening. On  
 Friday afternoon our Citadel Lawn Tennis Club  
 played a match-game with the "Au Fait" Club down  
 town. Maj. E. & Wilbur defended our club. I went  
 down with Miss Abbie, & was one of the umpires.  
 Maj. E. & Wilbur played beautifully together. A  
 series of six sets was to be played, but the Citadel  
 club won the first four sets & so the series was  
 not concluded. We are much elated over our  
 victory. Our club consists of 5 members; Maj.  
 Emerson, president; Harrison, China, Wilbur, &  
 myself; (I, the secretary).



1887.

May 29<sup>th</sup>

Sunday. — I paid a visit or two this week. Played several games of Tennis. Went down to the Ger. Artil. Hall to see the two Cos. of the "Bethel Battalion" drill on Friday night. They are all sweet girls — were dressed in cream musweiling with blue (in one company) + red (in the other) trimmings. They drilled with fancy Japanese parasols, + did the movements well. The four Cadet Captains were the judges.

On Saturday, the Cadet Cos. had their annual prize drill. Lt. Mills, Harrison, + I were the judges. Co. D. Capt. W. L. Bond won 1<sup>st</sup> prize; Co. A. Capt. Ashley next; Co. C. Capt. Jeter, 3<sup>d</sup>; Co. B. Capt. Lucas, 4<sup>th</sup>. In the individual drill, Corpl. Lewis of Chester was the best-drilled Cadet in Co. A.; Corpl. Davis, C., in Co. D.; Private Burdell; — Co. B; Corpl. Lucas, Co. C. Cadet Corpl. Davis, C. was the best drilled Cadet in the Corps.

1887

June 5<sup>th</sup>

I was at church this morning at Trinity.  
 Sunday Night: — Lt. Mills, Harrison, + I were the judges at the Sumter Guard Prize Drill on last Friday night. It was conducted at the German Artillery Hall. Quite a large crowd of ladies were gathered there to witness it. We thinned ~~them~~ <sup>the men in the Co.</sup> out gradually until there were four left who drilled very well. One dropped out, two others followed, + Mr. W. A. Dotterer was the victor. We had some wine, + the hall was cleared for dancing, but I returned to the hotel.  
 Yesterday, Wilbur, Maj. E., Harrison, +

I had six hard fought sets of tennis up at our court on Hampstead Mall. Maj. & I won 4 out of the 6. Last night we walked up town to hear the latest curiassity — Yellowstone Kit. He sells liver pads & other compounds, pretends to be immensely wealthy, dresses in royal robes, & sparkles with diamonds, has a band, & a troupe of Japanese jugglers, has erected a stand in a vacant lot out of the City, & has it all lit up with electric lights. An enormous crowd of negroes, & quite a number of whites were up there. The jugglers performed some feats & cracked some jokes, & then Yellowstone Kit, who had been sitting down like a prince, as complacently as possible arose & addressed the crowd. He is a small, wiry man, has a shrewd face, & hair that falls in wavy masses about his head, & when talking walks excitedly up & down the platform. He understands negro nature to perfection. He spoke excitedly on themes to arouse their sympathy, & at length led adroitly up to his medicine. He had already gained quite a reputation; some say he has cured blindness, others that there is nothing he cannot cure. The negroes were eager for the medicine, & his prolonged talking made them the more anxious. "Now, I'll give you just two minutes to buy the medicine — Hold on! be quiet! — & no more! — wait till I give the word! — you see there are four stands around here, so that

if you are anxious to be served — hold on, my man, we'll wait on you directly! — there will be an opportunity for you. Now then! get ready. Go!" The band started in a brisk tune, the four dispensers were giving out just as quickly as they could, like ticket sellers at a circus, — there were hundreds of raised hands, each clutching a dollar & anxious to exchange it for a package of the cure. I never saw such a panic after medicine in my life. And so it continued for possibly a little over two minutes when Kit who had been dancing about like mad, dispensing the medicine, & looking like some creature of another world, waved his arms, the band stopped, & the sale was concluded. I noticed that about all who wanted the medicine were supplied. After some rest, & jugglery, he said he wanted the people in the crowd that had headaches, toothache, rheumatism, etc. to come up & be cured gratis. He said he had a wonderful remedy from Japan, & he went on at some length to expatiate on its wonderful merits until those who wanted relief were raised to a pitch of excitement. He took off the diamond rings which sparkled on every finger of his hand, buttoned up his velvet robe, rolled up his sleeves, rubbed some of the ointment on his hands in his quick, excited manner, — arranged a chair — up sprang the first patient — "what?" — "Leadache!"

"Slap! slap! — bang — bang — er — lang slap!" went his hands over her forehead faster almost than eye could see; then a bang or two on her neck, a grasp by the arm, & she was gone, up sprang she next, — same thing — "bang-a-lang" — gone — neck, — "toothache!" — mouth open — rug-a-jig-jig — slap on jaw — gone — headaches — two, three! — gone — rheumatism — pants rolled up in a ~~second~~ second, slap — bang — rub — jerk, pull — pants down, gone — toothaches — mouth open — rig-a-dig — jerk — tooth flies into air — no instruments used but finger — neck — etc, etc. — such a sight was wonderful — & the band played to keep up the excitement.

Directly Kit waved his hand — the music ceased, & after he had blowed a little, he then talked a little about his medicine, until the crowd were eager for it, then he said he would give the crowd three minutes! & the half-dollars poured in like a shower, as the dollars had a while before. I guess he made \$400 or \$500.


I am in charge today & could not go out.

1887

June 19th

I have been tutoring a young man for a West-Point examination for the past 2 weeks. Bob Wilbur & I beat Maj. E. & Harrison three sets of tennis on Thursday aft. The last set was a "love set." I took Berke up to see the Cadets get beat at base ball yesterday afternoon. The score was 16 to 5. I did not go to church today. It is fearfully hot. Thermometer is 100°. Was at S.S. this afternoon &

stroll'd round by the Post Office & Battery. The latter was filled with ladies & gentlemen.

1887.   $\odot \cdot \nu \rho \mid \otimes \pm 0 \mid \mu \pm 0 0 \nu = \rho \mid \pm \mid \wedge \odot \cdot \odot = \mid \nu \mid 1 \otimes = \mid - \nu 1 \odot \parallel \otimes = \mid$

June 26th Sunday night: - I called on the Misses Harris, down stairs one night last week. On Friday night Mr. White and I went over to the Porter Academy commencement exercises. They were first-rate. The exhibition of drawings was very fine. Yesterday afternoon, Gen. & I went over to the Island on a recreative trip. We took the cars up to the New Brighton & had a long stroll up the beach, & then far down the beach. We stopped in, at Dr. Baer's by invitation, & sat on his piazza enjoying the view seaward. After tea, we had a stroll down by the tumbling surf with the ladies, & left the Island at 9<sup>15</sup>. Today I heard Mr. Wells preach an eloquent sermon at Trinity to the Woman's Missionary Society. Tonight I was at Citadel Square Baptist Church.

July 4th. I had quite a surprise yesterday. Aunt Mellie and Moll came down. I went round to the Chapman's where they are staying & went to Sunday School with them. I spent the day with them today. We dined at Uncle J's - went up to Magnolia in the aft. - and went down to the Kinloch's tonight. At 12 o'clock I told Moll goodby - she leaves for home tomorrow.

1887.

Aug. 10<sup>th</sup>

Commencement was an eminent success. The graduating exercises took place on the 27<sup>th</sup> ult., & were very interesting. In the afternoon, the Association of Graduates had a steam round the Harbor in the "Pilot Boy". I took Miss Virginia. I left on Thursday morning for home. Spent a few hours in Columbia with Gibbs & got home at 4 o'clock. Spent a very pleasant week & left on Saturday 6<sup>th</sup> inst. for the Citadel, at which place I write. I have to take charge of the Citadel until Sept. Jess came as far as Branchville with me, & then went on to Bamberg to see Aunt Mellie's folks & Sis.

1887

Sept. 4<sup>th</sup>

Sunday Aft. - I leave tomorrow a.m. for Bamberg. Harrison came down last night to relieve me at the Citadel. My stay has been quiet, restful, & not unpleasant. I have had plenty of leisure, & I have read Poe, Hugh Miller, Dickens, Poe, & others, & have managed to entertain myself. I have visited some of my friends who have not left the City. Over at Mrs. Clancey's, where I have boarded (sleeping, however, at the Citadel) the folks are very pleasant & entertaining. Mr. & Mrs. Lofor are both pleasant - an elderly couple. Mr. & Mrs. Knox, another elderly couple, & their daughters, Miss Mattie Knox and Miss Mary Brailsford, are also entertaining. A young <sup>Presbyterian</sup> minister, Mr. Burgess, is a "nice fellow". A young man named Marshall about 23, and a Norwegian about 22 named Smith (the same old Smith) also board there. The Norwegian is a jolly chap, full of fun. Mrs. C. is a very pleasant lady. She, however, has been off nearly ever since I got down. Her sister, Miss Emma Harist, runs the house. Mr. & Mrs.

Corby (aged about 30, a piece or a little less) have a very entertaining baby 8 months old of which not only themselves are proud, but everybody else seems to think a great deal of it. I have been about a little with Miss Knox & Miss Brailsford, - to church & to choir-practicing; and we spend a good many evenings in conversation or in a game of words which is popular over there & in which nearly all the boarders join at different times. Altogether, it has been quite pleasant over there. There was no sign on the 31st ult. of a repetition of the earthquake. The weather has been cool and pleasant for the past week. I anticipate a few happy days up at B - with Moll, & then I shall go, on home.

1887.

Sept. 5th

I arrived at Bamberg this A.M. Jess came down from Grahams this morning, & we have the little house pretty full.

1887

Sept. 6th

Auntie, Elmie, Moll, Jess, & I went out in a buggy to Springtown this morning to see Sall. We enjoyed a bait of scuppernongs. Sall & the baby came back with us. Moll & I went to the Baptist church to prayermeeting to-night.

1887.

Sept. 7th

We had a big party here tonight & spent a pleasant evening. The crowd did not leave until 1 o'clock. Misses Mamie Row, two Misses Fishburne, Misses Lillie Baggott, Carrie Ray, Neta Brubham, - Dickenson, & others were present, & about an equal number of gentlemen. We had some dancing in the passageway; - & I whistled a little with Misses Baggott & Row.

1887.  
Sept. 8th

I went out to Grahams on this morning's early train. Sis did not know I was coming, so I had to walk the two miles out to her home. I found Mr. M. at the ginhouse & Sis at home busy. After dinner, I spent most of the afternoon over at the ginhouse with Mr. M. I admire him very much. I think he has lots of sterling qualities, & few faults. Sis drove over with a double team in the buggy about 5<sup>30</sup> o'clock, & we drove to Grahams where Sis did some shopping. I saw Mrs. Rowell who lives there, she was a Miss Annie McKay, & had lived next door to us in Marion ten years ago. I remember her in connection with an organ which was going all the day long. She has 4 children, one a baby in arms, — and she paid me the compliment of saying she did not remember me at all. — We chatted on the piazza (Sis, Mr. M., & I) for some time in the starlight tonight before retiring.

1887.  
Sept. 9th

This morning, after breakfast, Sis & I in our double team drove six miles over the Edisto into Orangeburg to see Charlie Wroton — a classmate of mine. Charlie was not at home, & Mrs. Wroton was unwell, & the house was in the painters' hands & turned "upside-down", & she was evidently "put out" at our appearance, so we did not stay to dinner as we had expected. We came on back by the ginhouse & I spoke to Mr. Wroton & his son, Hubert, who is one of my pupils at the Citadel. Just after crossing the river we turned out of the road & visited a camp ground where preparations were going on pending exercises which are to be held there this fall. We got back home & had dinner about 3 o'clock. We went over to the ginhouse in the afternoon & spent an hour



with Mr. M., after which I drove in horse-back to Gra-hams to take the 7 o'clock train for Bamberg. Moll + Jess met me at the Depot. Tonight we were invited to a soci-able over at the Fishburnes. We got back, at 11 o'clock, + sat up here until one, laughing + talking.

1887

Sept. 10th

We all stayed at home today. Jess, Moll, + I took a walk to the Cushtery late this afternoon. Judge Rowe + his family were over to tea tonight. The Judge is a funny man, + he told a good many funny things. He is a splendid mimic. We had some music. He plays the violin well.

1887.

Sept. 11th

Sunday:- Auntie, Moll, + I went to Sunday School this morning + to church.

1887

Sept. 12th

Jess + I were off this A.M. for home. Moll ~~and~~ I went as far as Branchville with us, + came near getting left on the return train to Bamberg. It had started off + I had to wave it down. After seeing her on it, I went back to Jess + we were somewhat dismayed to see that ours had, also started off. It was hailed down, how- ever, + we were off. We had a stay of a few hours in Columbia, + went to Aunt Alice's. I had to go up to the State House to see Gen. Stoney <sup>and</sup> Capt. Bamberg on business for the Citadel - + returning to Uncle George's, had dinner + Jess + I left about 2 o'clock for home, where we arrived at 4<sup>30</sup> o'clock

1887

Sept. 28th

My stay at home has been quiet + restful. We have played croquet in the afternoon, + in the evenings the others have played which while Jess and I have entertained them with music. I went to see Miss Leila + Miss Nannie Ague.

I have been at the office some, assisting Pa, but have neither studied nor read much. Little Winifred is just 12 months old, and is a very sweet little baby. I spent a couple of Saturday nights with

1887  
Sept. 29<sup>th</sup>

Pa. Ma & I leave for Bamberg tomorrow. Ma & I arrived in Bamberg tonight. Auntie, Fannie, & Moll met us at the Depot. I lost my fine Knox hat out of the train window in my politeness at opening the window for a little boy, & had to buy a smoker's cap to reach B — in. They all seem glad to see us.

1887  
Sept. 30<sup>th</sup>

There was a sociable at Mrs. Eaves tonight. Quite a number of the Bamberg girls were there. Manie Rowe, Miss Lillie Baggett, Miss Lisa & two other Fishburnes, Miss Neta Brabham, & Miss Dickenson of Charleston, several whom I have forgotten, & Miss Pissy Eaves. We had a choir practicing over at the church just before going over to the sociable. Sis came in for a short while this afternoon. Mr. Rice also brought in Sall & the baby.

1887  
Sept. 31<sup>st</sup>  
(otherwise Oct. 1<sup>st</sup>)

Saturday:— Ma, Moll, & I took a walk over to the Cemetery this afternoon. I stumbled over a peg, in endeavoring to step over a border to speak to Mrs. Hartzog (Henry's mother) & fell down & injured my right foot painfully. I came out to Springtown tonight with Mr. Rice — he having left his wife & baby in Bamberg. It is a seven-mile drive, but we made it in less than an hour. We left after supper, & as it is a lovely night, it was an enjoyable drive. The moonlight is very bright & at Lemon Swamp where the woods are afire & the smoke has settled in great fogs of white smoke, it was pretty to see

The rays of moonlight piercing the dense swamp & appearing like converging ribbons of light owing to the presence of the smoke; — just like the dust in the room reveals the single ray of light which had otherwise been invisible. I am doctoring up my foot with arnica.

1887  
Oct. 2<sup>d</sup> Sunday:— Mr. Rice & I got into B. At breakfast this A.M. & I went to Sunday School with Moll. The others came in later to Church. Mr. Smith preached a good sermon. A Mr. Hugh Fraser from Charleston came up to spend the day. He is a nice fellow, & I like him. He is a friend of Florrie's. We all went to church tonight.

1887  
Oct. 3<sup>d</sup> I will leave for Charleston tonight. Ma will go out with Dis this afternoon to Graham's. Moll & I have been digging & boiling finders this morning. I don't want to leave, much; — and have been wishing I could take Moll back with me. If I only got a good salary I would — but it is useless to think yet of such vain but happy possibilities.

1887  
Oct. 4<sup>th</sup>. I got down last night, & reached the Citadel at 10 o'clock. A light was burning in my room, & it was all ready for occupation, & Harrison met me at the door. Today we are at work examining the new Cadets. There are about 45, & our prospects for the new term are gratifying. Lt. Cabanis, our new army officer is a small man, of about 40 years I suppose. I don't know that he will be very congenial with the young officers.

1887.  
Oct. 31st. The month has been passed in usual work. The new Class is not particularly bright. Charleston's Gala Week - or the Earthquake Festival begins today. The City is gay with decorations & thronged with visitors. I expect Ma & Pa down tonight to spend the week with me at the Citadel. Florie & Sall & her baby, will also come down to the City to spend the week.

1887.  
Nov. 1st. Pa & Ma arrived last night. Cousin Sallie Oliver & Cousin Julia Bethea are in the City. We go down on the Battery for a stroll in the afternoon, & Pa & I witness the Trade's procession on King St. at night. It was a very gorgeous display. The illumination of King St. was beautiful: it was a blaze of light & colors - & the procession was fine & very large.

1887.  
Nov. 2d. The Board Vs. reviewed the Cadets on the Green this morning. A great crowd of people witnessed it. After it was over I brought a number of Chester people up to my room to see Pa & Ma. My room is beautifully fixed up. Ma, Florie, & Sall did it. Moll sent me a beautiful lambrequin & a mat, and Aunt Mellie sent me a beautiful pair of pillow-shams. Ma gave me some ornaments & china figures for my mantel & Sall a vase, & Florie a bureau set & my room was worthy the attention of my friends. Moll's picture over my mantel "Auld the Tale" - but I am very glad of it. Tonight the folks have gone to the Colonial Lake to see the grand display of fireworks, but I, being in charge, could not go with them, so am here all alone.

1887  
Nov. 3<sup>d</sup>.

The ~~Phantastic~~ Parade tonight was quite a notable affair. Pa, Ma, Florrie, & I witnessed it from Reynolds's Marble Yard on King St. We got an elegant position & enjoyed it.

1887  
Nov. 4<sup>th</sup>

Tonight we went to the Battery to see the great naval review & the Forts illuminated, but there was such an immense concourse of people on the Battery that we could not obtain a view of the water, & so after watching the fireworks for awhile, we returned to the Academy.

1887  
Nov. 5<sup>th</sup>

We were shopping on King St. a good deal today. Late this afternoon, Pa, Ma, Cousin Sallie Oliver, Florrie, & I went to the Battery for a farewell visit & on our way back visited one of the wharves & boarded a large cotton steamer. We went into the cabin & cook-room, & the ladies were very much entertained by what they saw aboard.

1887  
Nov. 6<sup>th</sup>

Sunday:- Pa, Ma, & I went over to hear Mr. Stakely this morning. We dined at Uncle Johnnie's where Cousin Sallie Oliver is staying. This afternoon at St. Paul's Church just after service Doll (Rice) had little Laura christened. I stood godfather, Florrie & Miss Annie Roach, as proxy for Moll, stood godmothers. The baby behaved splendidly, & it is just 11 weeks old. Tonight Ma & I take tea at Cousin Daniel Wayne's. He is eccentric as he can be, but is very kind-hearted.

1887.  
Nov. 7<sup>th</sup>

Well, I am alone again. The folks are gone. They got off this morning. I have been busy all day, fortunately, or should have the blues. Tonight I began teaching a book-keeping class at the Y. M. C. A. It is purely a "love-task" — there is no money in it.

1887  
Nov. 11<sup>th</sup>

Today is Mr. White's birthday, & tonight we four who mess together throw in & got up a supper. For a set of bachelors, it was first rate. The oysters were superfine & superbly cooked; the cakes were light & nice; the fruit was choice & varied; the coffee was strong & clear; the sherry was genuine; and the champagne was sparkling & delightful. Besides Mr. White, Harrison, Doc, & myself, we had a brother of Mr. White, & Ed. McKissick, a young man, of we younger ones' age, who is a member of the News & Courier's reportorial staff, & a jolly nice fellow, up to sea with us.

1887

Nov. 22<sup>nd</sup>

The Timrod Chataqua Literary & Scientific Circle was organized tonight. <sup>Rev.</sup> Mr. Burgess was elected President; Miss Smith Vice-President; Mr. G. A. Norwood, Jr. Sec. & Treas.; & I Critic. The other members are Prof. Primer of the Charleston College, Mr. Rittenhouse, Mr. Jamison of the Y.M.C.A., Mr. Card, Mr. Nison, 3 Misses Smith, 2 Misses Cards, Miss Fannie Roach, Mrs. Clancy, Mrs. Norwood, & Miss Rodman.

1887

Nov. 27<sup>th</sup>

I did not attend so many services today just to boast of it, but was, indeed, astonished when I thought of it, at the number of religious services I was present at. I was at the usual Chapel Prayers at the Citadel; at prayer meeting at Trinity at 10 o'clock; heard Mr. Byde at regular service; went to Sunday School, & then strolled down to Post Office and heard most of the services there; attended Mr. Dibble's & Mr. Smyth's lectures to the Cadet Christian Association tonight; and then went over to hear Mr. Stakeley's farewell sermon; in all — seven services!

1887

Nov. 29<sup>th</sup>

Our Timrod C.L.S.C. met at Mrs. Clancy's tonight. I read an essay on Bryant; & also an extract of his poetry.

1887

Dec. 6th

We adopted as a motto for our Circle: "Pulchrum est colere mentem" (It is a <sup>beautiful</sup> noble thing to cultivate the mind.)

1887

Dec. 9th

The Chatauga Club met tonight at the Misses Card's on East Battery. We had a lively discussion over the history; and then some music by Miss Card. Prof. Primer read a part of Milton's "Samson Agonistes", & Miss Rodman an essay on William. The President, Rev. Mr. Burgess, read Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor." It was a pleasant meeting.

1887

Dec. 20th

Harrison & I, and Lt. Forster, of the Sumter Guard, acted as judges for the Carolina Rifles' plume drill tonight at the German Artillery Hall. Ed. Anderson, two of his brothers & Henry White were the last four who "fell out," & we had some trouble, in deciding upon which was the best among these, but it at length fell to Henry White.

1887

Dec. 23d

Our Timrod Club met at Miss Roach's tonight. I escorted our Vice-Pres., Miss Annie Smith. We had a very sociable evening. Prof. Primer read an amusing essay.

I rec'd today from E. P. Wait's, in New York, a very handsome life-size crayon portrait of Ma, which I had ordered some time ago. I am pleased with it.

1887

Dec. 25th

My Book-keeping class at the Y. M. C. A. sent me a very handsome gold pen and pencil combined today. It is a very valuable present, and has also a value not intrinsic.

Christmas Day. It is rather a peculiar Christmas with me, but not peculiarly pleasant. Today is Sunday and I am on duty. The weather is trying to clear up & be bright, but it is disagreeably cold. I have never before spent a Christmas alone, or away from the family, and I don't care ever to again. Jess & Minna sent me pretty Xmas

cards. I also got one from little Bertie Mills 'way out in Montana. Last night, as I came in about 11 o'clock - for I had been out all the afternoon & evening - I found a package on my table. It is a splendid picture of Moll. My dear girl does look sweet, certain! I have been anticipating for so long a visit to her New Year's Day, and this morning I got a billet-doux from Genl. Lagorde saying he thinks it inadvisable to go, considering that the Cadets cannot have furloughs, and that the moral effect on the Corps of an officer having indulgences which they yearn for but cannot get might be bad, so that pet idea is murdered on this pleasant Christmas Day.

1887

Dec. 27th

I dined yesterday at Uncle Johnnie's, and spent the evening at the Citadel at work. Today I dined at Dr. Baer's; and tonight I escorted Miss Fannie Roach to Miss Rodman's where the Semiole Chautauqua Literary & Scientific Circle met. We had a pleasant session. We have had these two days holidays at the Citadel, but tomorrow we begin work again, & do not expect another interruption. It has been a remarkably quiet Christmas. I have several invitations to formal evening parties, but have declined them. The ladies of our J.C.L.S.C. intend to give us an oyster-roast on next Friday. This is very informal, but I don't know that I shall attend.

1887

Dec. 30th

I attended the "roast" tonight, and we all had a very gay time. The young ladies had the "wash-kitchen" tastefully decorated with Chinese lanterns & Christmas berries & evergreens, and it was a delightful Oriental-looking place. It was a cold night, and a big wood fire with an abundance of red oak coals



made things comfortable and cosy. And here is where the oysters were roasted, and such oysters they were! So big & fat & finely flavoured! Each lady had on an apron, and they brought out one each for us. We had quite a gay time spitting these on. The oysters soon began to pop, & <sup>each</sup> armed with a cloth and an opening knife, we went to the attack and fought manfully for an hour. Steaming coffee & cocoa, & crisp crackers, and condiments for the oysters were all on hand, and we chattered & laughed & joked & ~~ate~~ (considerable of this last) as unrestrainedly as children. We were pretty dirty when we got through, but being washed we went in and we cut a "bran-pudding". I had never seen this performance before. The pie-crust was opened & a solid bed of sawdust was revealed in the bowl. Each person [-and we were all kept outside, until our turn] was blindfolded in turn & carried in to the "pudding". He was told to feel down in the sawdust & bring up the first thing he felt. This was called a "plum". These "plums" were little gewgaws; - jumping-jacks, jewsharps, rattles, horns, brass rings, & try-watches, etcetera. Then we went up stairs in the parlour & had some music & some games. Miss Annie Card & I gave them a "sufficiency" of duetts. We broke up about 20 minutes of 1 o'clock, and the last thing I heard on entering the Citadel, was a medley of horn & whistle noises down Meeting St. - It was the Cards & Miss Rodman on their way home, & the "plum" noises, on the still midnight air, were the last echoes of the "bran-pudding."

1887

Dec. 31st

I am in charge today. Shall sit up &amp; see the new year in.

1888.

77

Jan. 1st.

Sunday, New Year's Day. It is not a pleasant day, for a storm seems to be brewing, but it has been a very busy day. I started out rather badly on the new year. I was "in charge" yesterday, and it was my duty to be up at reveillé this morning, but I didn't awake until an hour afterwards. I was also a little late to church, and did not feel as devotional as usual, but felt better after the service. Harrison & I dined with Mr. White at his sister's and had to leave immediately afterwards in order to get to Sunday School by 3<sup>30</sup> o'clock. Tonight, it is raining very hard. Earlier we had quite an electric display - rather unusual this season of the year. China's two little sisters were up here, & on account of the rain had to wait until 9<sup>30</sup> o'clock to get back to the "Whitdens". Whilden, a Mr. Green of Dunster, Mr. White, & Harrison also came in & we spent a sociable evening. They have just left - Mr. White lingering a little after the others to talk to me about life-insurance. It is now nearly eleven and like Gray, "the world is left to darkness & to me." I can hear the constant pitter-patter of the rain outside, but that is all. Today I cannot with much complacency look back on the past year. I don't know why, but I do not feel like it. Neither do I care to plan for the future. Our plans always go wrong, so it is discouraging to build them but to see them fall. This is rather a gloomy 1st. If the whole year is like this beginning, I would almost want some Rip van Winkle wine, 1888! It is hard to realize that a new year has come. Good-bye old 1887. You will soon be forgotten in the past.

- 1888  
Jan. 2  
Tonight the Timrod Circle met at the Misses Smith's in Charlotte St. I read them "The Coyote" from Mark Twain's Roughing It. We had some music and a fairly pleasant evening. A good many of the members were absent, however.
- 1888  
Jan. 4<sup>th</sup>  
I sent Moll today our engagement ring. We have been engaged since August 27<sup>th</sup> 1884. There seems no prospect of our marriage this year; tho' that is "a consummation devoutly to be wished".
- 1888  
Jan. 8<sup>th</sup>  
I got my violin (one Major Cain lent me) yesterday, and shall begin to learn on it. What playing I have done heretofore has been all wrong, so I shall have to learn over again. I attended services at Trinity, as usual this morning. Tonight in the Chapel, Mrs. Chopin gave the Cadets a Temperance lecture. It was an excellent talk, full of pathetic incidents, & wholesome warnings. When she had finished, she organized the association of the "Cadets of Temperance", and it was gratifying to see about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the Corps join. I trust it will do great good in the Academy.
- 1888  
Jan. 15<sup>th</sup>  
Sunday:— I have been lying up in my room reading since Friday. I have a carbuncle of a mild kind on the back of my neck, and have kept it fulticed. It is considerably better tonight, & will be o.k. tomorrow I hope. Aunt Catharine Moore, Pa's last living aunt, died on last Tuesday.
- 1888  
Jan. 16<sup>th</sup>  
I gave my usual lesson in book-keeping at the Y.M.C.A. tonight. Also heard an entertaining lecture there by Dr. Dawson, on the eye. He explained why we do not see inverted.
- 1888  
Jan. 17<sup>th</sup>  
I went to hear the play of "Othello" tonight at the Academy of Music. Edwin Booth played the part of Iago, and Lawrence Barrett the part of

Othello. As these are the leading actors of the world, we expected a great deal; but as much as we expected, their acting came up to our expectations, and, indeed, in some respects went beyond mine. I am no critic of acting, and this is the first of Shakespeare's plays I have ever seen played, consequently my views are worthless as a criticism, but they may be interesting to me hereafter and I shall try to put them down here. I think Booth's Iago is perfect. He is a revengeful, wary scoundrel, but has such admirable ability to hide it, that the men against whom he intrigues, and especially the gentle, unsuspecting Moor, imagine him a close and "honest" friend. Iago has to deal with a number of men, of various temperaments, and has, consequently, to adapt himself to each. To the impulsive, passionate Rodrigo he is one man. To the good lieutenant, Cassio, he is quite another; to the Moor, different still; and so on. The wonderful tact he shows in putting the first tiny seed of jealousy and suspicion in the Moor's mind, the little hints he lets fall, then the hypocritical regret he shows at letting out these hints; his stoutly declining to say anything against Desdemona until he seems to be forced; his feigned attachment to Cassio and the Moor, all require a mastermind to work up. This is Iago's false character. I imagine that an inferior actor would show only these and leave us ignorant of his true peculiarities: but not so Booth. We still see Iago's worldly wisdom; his lack of sentiment; his watchfulness of the countenances of those around him; his evil, revengeful spirit; his fear; his quick resource; his adamant heart; and finally, his terror, doggedness, and fiendish hate. These

are by no means all the emotions he passes through, and in the varying circumstances which arise they pass so rapidly that it is astonishing that Booth can betray them all, and never make faux pas. Barrett's Othello was masterly. Here, too, was a tremendous field for expression. To represent the changes thro' which a person passes from the kind, unsuspecting, and devoted husband, to the jealous, maddened, heart-broken murderer, <sup>requires a genius of the first order.</sup> The wonder, first, at Iago's vague suspicions; the feelings as the purport of the suspicions dawns on him; the indignant disbelief; the gnawing restlessness when Iago says "So may you long be, my lord." The wonder, horror, agony, as the proof of Desdemona's unfaithfulness seem to increase. Then the sudden fire, and terrible madness with which he seizes Iago by the throat & demands proof, or he will kill him; the heart-broken grief, when Iago promises the proof & leaves him. The return of his love for Desdemona; his inability to believe her false, and his agony when he thinks of the damning evidence. His absorbing love of her; and the exquisite sentiment when he exclaims "O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!" His desire for revenge on Cassio; his determination that Desdemona must die; his love returning with full power, & dying suddenly again; then finally the tenderness of his last look on Desdemona as she sleeps; as he wakes her, and asks her to pray; "I would not kill her soul — O-oh! no! — no! — I would not kill her soul." His inflexibility at her entreaties; his desire not to mar her loveliness in slaying her; and when she is half strangled, and he desists a moment and she moans, even in his horror he is "pitiiful" & continues his work "that she may not linger in her suffering." Then the deed is done. He gazes on the beautiful woman — his wife. "My wife! — O Desdemona! — Desdemona!"

Emilia comes in, and proves to him beyond a doubt that Desdemona was "pure as heaven", and did love him truly. Then his eyes are opened in regard to Iago, and he plunges his sword into him. Then his agony as he throws himself distractedly on the body of Desdemona; his recovery and desperate resolve, his farewell speech, and suicide: all these Barrett acted with consummate power.

Desdemona was well acted. The loving, open, pure wife. Then the scenes when Othello's demeanor fuzgles her; her love for him; her inability at first to understand his insinuations about her loyalty to him; then the dawning knowledge; the stony apathy when he leaves her; her hysterics when Emilia comes to console her. Her pleading for life when Othello comes to slay her; and even in death her love for him.

Cassio was also very good, - especially the scene where he lost his lieutenantcy. Brabantio was first-rate. The other characters had no hard work to do, + so they, of course, could do it well.

1888

Jan 19th

1888

Jan. 21st

I took my violin rounds to Miss Smith's tonight and we practiced some.

Maj. Emerson, Harrison, and I had several enjoyable games of tennis this afternoon up at Naupseade Mall. I did not go out tonight. It was cold, so I sat by my fire and being in a humor not to read, I amused myself by "trying" a counterfeit quarter which somebody passed off on me. I had my table for court-room and my inkstand was the judge's desk. The officers, attorneys, jurors, etc. were such little odds and ends as I could lay my hands on. The following is an accurate account of the proceedings as taken down by Stenographer Percil:

Account of the Case of the  
State versus Counterfeit Quarter,  
on the charge:

Obtaining goods under false pretences.  
as accurately reported by  
Stenographer Led Pensle.

Immediately upon the appearance of Judge Kaferdollre in the ermine, Sheriff Spate led in the prisoner and put him in the dock, and the clerk, Mr. Mostash Komb, read the indictment as follows: "Whereas, it having been deposed by witnesses that one Counterfeit Quarter, alias Bogus Coin, has on various occasions obtained goods under false pretences, the aforesaid Counterfeit Quarter, alias Bogus Coin is hereby arraigned, and is required to enter his plea as to being Guilty or Not Guilty of the following charge:— That on the 20<sup>th</sup> day, or any other day, of the month of January, or any other month, of the year 1888, or any other year whatsoever, in the city of Charleston, or any other city of the state of So. Ca. or any other state whatsoever of these United or any other States not united or united on the face of the globe, he or some other person was guilty, culpable, involved, innocent or otherwise involved as principal, accessory, spectator or in any other way whatsoever, of obtaining, getting, stealing, borrowing, purloining or in any way whatever acquiring goods, chattels, property, peanuts, hardware, bananas, or any other article whatsoever of commerce, navigation, agriculture, manufactures, art, Tariff, consumption, or export, naval stores or any other industry, enterprise, undertaking or trade, of one, or more than one, Dutchman, Italian, Jew, Gentile, Anarchist, man, woman, child, Morman, Irishman, or person of any nationality sover, enlightenede, civilizede, Mongolian, barbarian or ascetic, on ~~statements~~ statements, suppositions,

expressions, hypotheses, - by thought, word, or deed, with the intention, desire, or expectation of thereby deceiving, defrauding, confusing, astonishing, misleading, or affecting in any mode whatever the aforesaid person as to his assets, exchequer, liabilities, bank-account, character, balance-sheet, pedigree, property, ancestry, nationality, or any characteristics whatsoever." The jury, which had been impanelled after much challenging, and which consisted of 8 Messrs. Button, 3 Messrs. Tack, and Mr. Stele Penn as formen, were much pleased with this clear enunciation of the charges. The attorney for the defense was Mr. Parlor Match, who, by the way, has a wooden leg and red hair, and a fiery disposition. Solicitor Needle conducted the prosecution with his usual penetration. The Solicitor is rather slender, and has but one eye, but as Sheriff Spule says, [Sheriff Spule knows the Solicitor well] "his point in the argument will be the sharpest of them all." The prisoner plead "Not Guilty," and the examination of witnesses began. First, Hon. Genuine Dime, a little, aristocratic man, was put upon the stand. He thought the prisoner was a "low fellow"; & esteemed his "coat of arms" a fraud, because the eagle on it was "plebeian", and "had its mouth open like it was gaping." On cross-examination by Mr. Match, he confessed he had never seen an eagle, but "he didn't believe an eagle was born with its mouth open." Mr. Match laughed sneeringly, but Solicitor Needle sprang to his feet and asked him tauntingly "if he had ever seen an eagle hatched." Mr. Match said he hadn't. This sally amused the jury very much, and one Mr. Tack actually fell



out of his chair with laughing. Second witness called was Herr German Silver Thumbtack. His testimony was somewhat unsteady, and strongly in sympathy with the prisoner. Solicitor Needle's suspicions were aroused, and he asked, "Are you related to the prisoner, Mis-ter-er-Mister Thumbtack?" "Mein Gott, wat you tink; heem an' me do talk alike, dot we be keen to de odder?" But the jury saw the Dutchman was very excited, & the Solicitor told them impressively to remember his manner. Third witness was Mr. Nickle. He is a retail grocer. Thought the prisoner was proud, and "tried to be better than his equals" — meaning himself. Had never known the prisoner's father. Didn't believe he had any pedigree.

Next witness was a dark-skinned & very corpulent Italian, — Kopper Farthing. Keeps a fruit store. Boys call him "old Penny". Mr. Match asked him if he wasn't a much larger man than his countrymen usually are. Solicitor Needle said the question was irrelevant, but Mr. Match said he didn't mean any offense, so the Solicitor for once lost his point, although he laughed & said in a low tone something about Mr. Match's ignorance. Farthing said he belonged to a stout family. Was not much acquainted with respectable people. The prisoner had been in his shop. Thought he was a very good fellow. Dismissed. The next witness called was Captain Brass Button. He is a dude, and quotes Latin phrases: Had met the prisoner, and liked him at first; but found he was rather trivial & light.

"Light"? — asked Solicitor Needle, writing down something, & smiling blandly at the jury.

— Light and somewhat choddy. It didn't seem to me that he had an attractive tone to his voice, — it sounded flat.

"Ah!" — said the Solicitor, writing.

"But," said Mr. Match, to the witness, "your own voice is rather flat, Captain, and perhaps —"

"Perhaps," — interposed Solicitor Needle in his clear voice, "our esteemed humbug, the counsel for the defense, had better not speak of voices, as every one knows that he is totally deficient in that line." Foreman Steele Penn (who is distantly related to the Solicitor) fairly shook with laughter at this thrust. The witnesses were now exhausted. Mr.

Trowsers-Buckle, the tailor, and Capt. Sea Shell, of the U.S.N. got up and left court, confident that from all they had heard, the prisoner would be convicted. The argument now began. Mr. Match's speech was very brilliant and spirited, but the jury did not wake up until just at the close, when in his efforts, Mr. Match exceeded his strength and was attacked with brain fever. They took him out in a raging delirium and ducked him in a convenient trough. His life was saved, but alas, his beautiful and much-prized red hair was coal black.

The Solicitor in his address to the jury began: "I have never before," he said "had the pleasure of arguing a case before a jury whose intelligence I could so well depend on as the one I now see before me; and I consider myself fortunate in having men able to perceive the thread of argument which I shall draw." Juror Pants Button smiled & nodded to juror Shirt Button, his second cousin, as much as to say "we know what thread is." After a long and brilliant recitation of authorities on "Descent of Property" and "Priority of Patent Rights" which bore directly on the

subject, the Solicitor said, "and now, gentlemen, what are the similar points in the present case? You remember the prisoner said he is an American, and that all his kindred are Americans. Now, did you perceive the emotion of the Dutchman, when questioned as to his relationship?" The jury all nodded. — "Ah! — that is one suspicious evidence. — Again, did you notice the animosity that our worthy tradesman, Mr. Mickle, had against the prisoner, because the prisoner 'wished to appear better than he is'?" The jury all nodded again. "Ah! — And did you not hear the evidence of Capt. Buxton, how the prisoner was light, and had a flat voice?" — The jury nodded approvingly. "Ah! — Now what do we conclude? If the prisoner were related to Herr German Silver Thumb-tack would it not be natural that the latter should be excited in his deposition? Most certainly. Now! — checking off the prints on the fingers of his left hand impressively, — "if the prisoner is related to Herr Thumb-tack, he is a foreigner; if a foreigner, he is not American; if not American, he is not related to the American Silvers; therefore he is a **GERMAN SILVER!**" This magnificent piece of logic elicited cheers from the jury, but the judge stopped them, and the Solicitor continued: "But this overwhelming evidence is not all. We shall pile Oswego on Pelion. — Is it not an axiomatic fact, — so visible as to need no demonstration, — that all the German Silvers are light and devoid of musical tone except the two families of BRASS BAND HORNS and WATERBURY WATCHES? And does he belong to either of these families? By his own confession he does not. Therefore — he is a fraud and is guilty of all the charges in the indictment. Gentlemen, I feel that I can

leave this case with you. I see intelligence in your gaze. I do not know that the sun will rise tomorrow;— I be-  
lieve it will;— but when I come to things I know, it  
 is that a jury of ability when it has a case like this  
 (whilst the sun may rise tomorrow) will render a ver-  
 dict of guilty in five minutes!”

Judge Hoferdolle, or Four Bits, as he is popularly  
 known (because he was bit 4 times by a dog, or rattle-  
 snakes, or something) then very ably charged the jury.  
 He said: “If you find the prisoner to be, from the evidence,  
 a foreigner, then he is guilty of arson. If he is light, then  
 he is guilty of justifiable homicide in the first degree.  
 If his voice is as represented, he is guilty of highway rob-  
 bery with malicious intent.” The jury retired.

Fortunately, they had been supplied by the Solicitor with  
 a blank on which the verdict was already written, so that  
 they had time to sign it and get back into court before  
 the five minutes were out. When the verdict of “Guilty”  
 was pronounced, the prisoner's sister, Miss Pewter Spoon Coin,  
 fainted. The sentence of the Court was then pronounced  
 on the prisoner, as follows: “Thou shalt be taken hence to  
 the County jail and there tried for specific gravity, and if  
 thou fallest below 11, thou shalt then be put in a [mission-  
 ary] box and sent to the farthest bounds of Farther India.  
 So be it. Quod erat demonstrandum. Delenda est Carthago.”



1888

Jan. 22<sup>d</sup>

Sunday:— I heard Bishop Deuceau at Trinity today. He preached delightfully for an hour. I attended S. S. this afternoon, as usual, and afterwards walked down to the P. O. and round by the Battery with Andrew Stokes. Tonight, he, Beverly, + I took the Chopman young ladies + Miss Lisa Fishburne over to hear Dr. Ford. I am very much disappointed (at present) in this preacher. He is too theatrical, and his words seem to lack that interest in the salvation of the heathen that, in my opinion, is indispensable in a preacher's discourse. — We chatted pleasantly for an hour or so on our return from service.

1888

Jan. 23<sup>d</sup>

Maj. Cain and I went to the Concert given by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston at the Freundschafts-Bundes Halle tonight. The music was superb. The solos on the violin, 'cello, flute, + clarinette were the finest I ever heard.

1888

Jan. 29<sup>th</sup>

Pa came down last night to spend today with me. He is just from Graham's, where he will return tomorrow, he not having finished work there yet. We strolled down by the Battery + then came back + heard Dr. Ford at the Citadel Square Baptist Church. After service, we saw Dr. Amos Smith, + went with him to his office, — Pa wishing to get some dental supplies. After dinner at the Citadel, we went up on the cars to Magnolia Cemetery + spent an hour in the "City of the dead". Coming back, we took tea at Uncle's Johnnie's, + spent the evening there. Pa is a great walker, + does not seem as tired as I at our tramp today.

1888.

Feb. 3rd.

Friday:- I got off for a short visit up to Bamberg this afternoon and arrived here at 8<sup>30</sup>. There was to be a hot supper in the town-hall, & Moll and I went there, as soon as I had come to the house & fixed up a little. We had a pleasant time at the supper, - which was for the benefit of the Graded School; - Moll won a cake in a raffle. We got home about 12 o'clock, and Moll & I chatted until about 1. She is looking well.

1888.

Feb. 4th.

Moll & I took a walk this morning about half a mile to Dall's house. We cut our names on a tree in the yard. This afternoon we strolled over to the new school-house, and to night went to the depot to meet Pa & Ma who came down from Grahams on the 7 o'clock train. Harp was to have come but he preferred to stay with Mr. Matthew's boys.

1888.

Feb. 5th.

Sunday:- Moll & I went to S. D. this morning, & the others came on later to church. Mr. Waring, - Miss Kizzie Pickens' fiancé, - & Hugh Fraser from Charleston, had come up on the morning's train, and they came with Miss Kizzie & Florie. Dr. Raynor preached. After dinner, Mr. Waring took his fiancée for a drive, & Hugh, Florie, Moll, & I went to see the new school-house. Tonight, we had some music.

1888.

Feb. 6th.

Pa & Ma returned to Grahams at 9<sup>30</sup> this morning. Moll & I went round & brought Miss Miller round to dinner. Then Moll & I went up the street, & were weighed - she 119 and I 132. We then planted some flower-seeds. We have played some on the organ. I must return to the Citadel tonight, so my visit is at an end. It has been most delightful, and I don't feel inclined to leave, but inclinations do not always govern.

1888

Feb. 10<sup>th</sup>

Our examinations were concluded today. The two Chester boys have done well. Will Lewis is 2<sup>d</sup> in the Second Class, <sup>18 members.</sup> Marshall Hunter is 3<sup>d</sup> in the Third Class of 52 members.

1888.

Feb. 14<sup>th</sup>

Had a pleasant meeting of the C. L. S. C. at Mrs. Rodman's.

1888

Feb. 21<sup>st</sup>

Had a pleasant meeting of the C. L. S. C. at Mrs. Smith's.

1888

Feb. 22<sup>d</sup>

The boys were given a holiday today. The parade of the military this afternoon was very fine, in spite of the foggy weather. I took tea at Dr. Baer's tonight. Mrs. Cuntency, Mr. R. N. Wells, & one or two others were also there. Spent a pleasant evening, as I always do at Dr. Baer's.

1888

Feb. 25<sup>th</sup>

President Cleveland & his wife and some others of his party stopped in Charleston for an hour today, en route from Fla. to Washington. All the military turned out, and as it is a lovely day, it seemed that nearly every body in the City were on the streets. The Presidential party drove around the City at a gallop. It was a great procession, but nearly the entire interest centered in the 1st carriage which contained the noble President, his charming young wife, Mayor Bryan & one other person whom I didn't notice. The vast crowds of people enthusiastically cheered the President & his wife, & the former went bare-headed throughout nearly the entire route. Mrs. C. is a brunette, with rather a dark complexion, but is handsome & stylish. I like

the President's looks; - he is great and stout, but I like the expression of his face. I got four good views of them, as they countermarched thro' different streets, and once I was just by the carriage, & looked at them critically. We have an honest, conscientious President, & his wife is a charming lady.

1888

Feb. 28th

We had a pleasant meeting of the Timrod Chautauqua Literary & Scientific Circle at Miss Card's tonight. We are progressing very satisfactorily. I think our course of study is excellent, and our methods very good. Our meeting is opened with roll-call. Each member answers with a quotation from some author who has been selected for the evening. The minutes of the previous meeting are then read. Then the Sec. "collects the questions". Each member is required to present two, and may present four, questions bearing on the course of study during the week. The questions are submitted one by one by the President to the Circle, & he calls on some member to answer. Discussion is allowed on each question, and in this way the text books are digested & criticized. The consideration of the question-box consumes in our Circle (we have 18 members) about one hour. After this we have an essay or declamation, & then some music. Then a reading, some more music, possibly; & then 10 minutes for conversation. Then miscellaneous business, appointments for next meeting, & adjournment. The Chautauqua Circles are becoming very numerous, and scattered all over the United States. The University of Chautauqua is in New York. They give all members of Circles a



diploma after a course of study of four years (after being satisfactorily examined.) The studies are prescribed for all the Circles in the country by the Faculty of Chautauqua, & there is published at Headquarters a very interesting & valuable journal, The Chautauquan, for the general guidance of the Circles, so that <sup>is gained,</sup> unity & simultaneous work is done. Our course of study for this year has been Wall's History of the U.S., Beers' American Literature, Hatfield's Physiology & Hygiene, Walker's Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, Readings from W. Irving, Melkison's Classical German Course in English, Hurst's History of the Medival Church, & Articles in the Chautauquan. Many of these books were written especially for <sup>the</sup> Chautauqua Circles, & they are published by the Chautauqua press.

1888

March 1st

I was in charge last night, & before reveille this morning was awakened by the alarm of fire in the Citadel. It was in the Hospital. I got there as soon as possible, & found some Cadets at work chopping into the floor near the fire-place. The fire was beneath the floor, & after cutting into it, it was easily extinguished with a dozen buckets of water, & before the fire department arrived, which, by the way, is always in extremely quick time. The fire department of Charleston is very prompt. A fire rarely ever makes any headway. I suspect it is as good a service as can be found anywhere.

1888

Mar. 4<sup>th</sup>

Sunday: Last night Harrison & I attended the commencement exercises of the Medical College at the Academy of Music. Mr. Arthur Childs of Chester graduates 4<sup>th</sup> in a class of 17. Hon. E. B. Murray of Anderson delivers the address, & Dr. W. H. Lawton (one of the graduating class) delivers a very amusing valedictory.

I attended church this a.m. at Trinity, & also D.S. this afternoon. Went to hear Mr. Smart at Bethel tonight, & like him very much.

1888

March 6<sup>th</sup>

I attended a lecture tonight at Hibernian Hall by Sir Henry Grattan Esmonde, a young Irish nobleman, who is lecturing in the interest of Home Rule for Ireland. He is about 25, I suppose, - is a fair speaker, & seems to have good practical sense.

1888

March 9<sup>th</sup>

I attended with Maj. Cain the Concert by the Charleston Musical Association tonight at the Friendschafts Bundes Halle. There were about 75 voices in the chorus; & the solos were very good. There is abundance of musical talent in the City.

1888

Mar. 19<sup>th</sup>

Harrison & I have formed a Rowing Club. We have rented a boat on Ashley River, & intend to row occasionally in the afternoon for exercise. He, Doc, & I took a row of about a mile and a half up the River this afternoon, but it was a little rough & we blistered our hands.

1888

March 22

I heard Mr. Charles Dickens read tonight at the Academy of Music. He is a son of the distinguished author, & he reads his father's works with a great deal of appreciation <sup>and</sup> expression. He read 5 Chapters from David Copperfield - taking in the pathetic parts of Emily's life, & also an <sup>amusing</sup> account of David's courtship & marriage to Dora. He also read Bob Sawyer's Tea Party from Pickwick Papers with great effect.

1888.

March 20<sup>th</sup>

Had a pleasant meeting of the T. C. L. S. C. at Mrs. Rodman's tonight.

1888.

April 10<sup>th</sup>

The Chautauqua Circle met at Mrs. Smith's tonight.

1888

I had the honor of being reelected President.

April 14<sup>th</sup>

Maj. Emerson and I went up to see the game of base-ball between Birmingham & Charleston, Birmingham

1888

played a beautiful game - making 6 runs to Charleston's 0.

April 16<sup>th</sup>

Had a pleasant meeting of the T. C. L. S. C. at the Misses Card's on the Battery tonight.

1888.

April 18,

1888

April 20<sup>th</sup>

A competitive squad drill between the W. L. I's, Carolina Rifles, and Montgomery Guards took place at the Academy of Music tonight. Lt. Coburn, Harrison, & I were the judges. It was a close contest between the W. L. I's & the Carolinas, and if the latter had not looked down in unfixing bayonets, they would have won the prize. The percentages were: W. L. I's 90%; Car. Rifles 88%; Montgomery Guard 74%.

1888

April 30th

The P. O. L. S. C. met at Miss Roach's tonight, but for lack of a quorum we did not have the usual exercises, but asked Miss Lillie Roach + a Miss Cuthbert to join us in an evening of conversation and music.

1888

May 6th

Sunday:- The first week in May is gone, and this is how I spent it: On Tuesday night I was at prayer meeting at Trinity, and afterwards went down to Auntie's + heard Ger-tie's lesson. On Wednesday night, I went to see the Misses Schopman + spent a pleasant evening. On Thursday evening, Harrison + I went to Col. Gadsden's on Association of Graduates' business. On Friday evening, Lt. Cahani's + I went to the German Artillery Hall to see 4 squads of the Sumter Guards drill. On Saturday, the annual Drill of the Four Companies of Cadets took place. Three tents for headquarters, and two pavilions for lady spectators were pitched on the grass border opposite the plaza where the drill occurred. The inspection of the companies was held in the morning; and also the company individual drill. Rutledge won the star of "A" Co., Burckhalter of "B" Co., Dixon of "C" Co., + Dunbar of "D" Co. The company drills took place in the afternoon. The drilling was very good, and every body was pleased. Cornelson's (B) Co. came in first; Brownson's [C] second; and Miller's (A) and Clark's (D) tied for 3d place. Drilling the four single Cadets who had won the individual prizes in their respective Companies, Dunbar was declared the best of the four, + was entitled to another (Battalion) star. I conducted the parade, + the Genl. presented the prizes + made a little speech.

Today I was at prayer meeting + church in

the morning at Trinity, and at Sunday School in the afternoon. Tonight Maj. Emerson and I took a stroll to the Battery to enjoy the breeze. I heard last week of the death of Sam Cretton in Florida. He is the first of our class to die.

1888

May 11<sup>th</sup>

I am 23 years old today. The Cadet Picnic occurred today at Mt. Pleasant, but I did not attend. I attended to some business down town, & returned to the Citadel, where Maj. Emerson & I dined together. After a nap in the afternoon, he & I went up & had several sets of tennis, — I getting beat, by-the-way.

1888

May 13<sup>th</sup>

I was at Trinity this morning, and went home with Dr. Baer, with whom & his family Rev. Mr. Wells & I dined. Was at Sunday School, & at service tonight.

1888

May 17<sup>th</sup>

I went with Maj. Emerson to a Charleston Amateur Musical performance tonight at the Academy of Music. It was a very elegant entertainment. The time represented was old times in England, and the costumes were to match. The scene opened in a handsome sitting room in "ye hospitable house" of Lord Fairfax. Lord F. (Mr. Andrew Simonds, Jr.) & Lady Fairfax (Miss Crafts) were seated in their sumptuous room. From the walls, a long line of ancestry gazed upon them. Lord F. is supposed to be reading, & Lady F. to be knitting, but really they are discussing society. Their daughter, Lady Providence (the charming little Mrs. A. Simonds, Jr.) trips in and announces that the Musical Club will meet there this evening. Lady Providence is a most charming little witch. She has a lovely face, a lovely

form, + was dressed very becomingly. Directly, the butlers (Messrs. Morgan Smith + Eddie Hughes) announce the visitors: Lady Castleton (Mrs. Patrick), Miss Highflier (Miss Nathans), Sir + Lady Ogle (Mr. + Mrs. Sparkman), and, with their appropriate noble titles which I have forgotten, Miss Padié Simonds, Miss McGrady, Miss Pavel, Mr. Goodwin Rhett, who takes off superbly the character of the music teacher, <sup>+ several more gentlemen.</sup> Miss Dolly Everlate (Miss Mamie Gayer) comes in after the "Music class" has sung a piece. She is, as usual, late. The pieces sung purported to be selections made for this old time Music Class, + consisted, consequently, of old familiar airs. The singing was exquisite, + can hardly be thrown far in the shade by professional talent. The best pieces were "Coming thro' the Rye," most admirably executed by Miss Gayer; "Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town," exquisitely sung by Mrs. Patrick; solos by Miss Nathans + Mrs. Sparkman; "Woodman Spare that Tree" by Mr. Sparkman; "Flw gently Sweet Afton," by Mr. Darby; a solo by Mr. McCormack; "Drink to me with thine Eyes," a duet by Mrs. Patrick + Mr. McCormack; a duett by Mrs. P. + Miss Carew; a superb duet by Miss Gayer + Mrs. Schott; a trio by Miss Simonds + two of the gentlemen; and a couple of quartets. There were also several choruses, notably, "Auld Lang Syne." Mrs. Andrew Simonds, Jr. charmingly recited a "Sonnet to a Bonnet", + also, at the close, "The Epilogue to 'As You Like It.'" The entertainment closed with a finely executed cotillion by four very graceful couples. It was the best vocal musical singing I ever heard.

## Bamberg.

1888

May 18<sup>th</sup>

I went up on the train this night to Bamberg. I hadn't written anyone that I was coming + so when I knocked at the door and Aunt Mellie opened it, it was a great surprise to them. Pa + Auntie + Moll + Lall were at a game of whist + Florrie was engaged at some work, as usual. We sat up + chatted, + the whist continued until nearly two o'clock.

1888

May 19<sup>th</sup>

Pa + I went down the street, + I saw a good many of the B- people in the morning. But I spent most of the day at the house. Moll + I played some music together. In the afternoon, Sis came down from Grahams. She is looking well + fat. She + Lall + Mr. Rice + the baby left for home late in the afternoon. Moll + I then strolled around by Miss Miller's + on through the woods, gathering wild flowers. Coming in back, we went down to the colored church, + sat at twilight on the steps for some time. After tea, we all chatted until 11<sup>30</sup> o'clock.

1888

May 20<sup>th</sup>

Sunday:- Pa + Florrie, + Moll + I went to church at Trinity Church, Bamberg. It is "Children's Day", + Mr. Smith preached sermon to the young folks. It began to rain, + we went home during a slight cessation. It continued to rain + storm all the afternoon. My stay drew rapidly to a close, + at 7 o'clock Pa + I went to the Depot under an umbrella. I left there about 7<sup>10</sup> + arrived at the Citadel at 10 o'clock. My little trip was delightful, + I can go to work tomorrow with a lighter heart, from the memories of the past two days.

1888  
May 21st

We had a pleasant meeting of the P. C. L. S. C. tonight at Miss Smith's. We have about finished the year's course of study, & will now begin on our examinations.

1888  
May 23d

The Washington Light Infantry gave the young ladies of the Columbia Female College, a reception tonight at their armory. This Company has always been noted for their chivalry, their esprit, & their hospitality, and the entertainment to-night was very pleasant. A number of ladies & gentlemen of the City were invited to be present & assist in entertaining the young ladies. After the little speech of welcome by Maj. Gilchrist, & a response by Dr. Darby, a "general introduction" was pronounced made & the gentlemen & ladies immediately began mingling in conversation. Some of Charleston's musical talent was present and a good many solos & a quartet were rendered. Later, white aproned servants carried around an abundant supply of ice-cream, cakes, & Japanese shapuria; and before the "epilogue", each lady was presented with a bouquet of flowers, & a neat "souvenir card". Miss Maggie Melton of Chester, & Miss Carrie Fishburne of Bamberg were in the party of Columbia girls; & I met quite a number of others.

1888  
May 25th

Gen. Johnston gave the graduating class a sail around the Harbor tonight. All of the faculty were invited to be present, & most of us went. Quite a number of young ladies were present, and the evening was a lovely one. We left the City about 8 o'clock, & steamed out to the Bar. The moonlight, the delightful breeze, & the happy party



made it very pleasant. Strawberries + cream, + some vocal music with a guitar accompaniment also contributed to the interest of the occasion. Altho' it was a "sail" so-called, it was really a steam, as we were all seated on the top of the tug Jacob Boardow. I talked most of the time with Miss Belle Majick + Miss Virginia Frason. We got back to the City about 11<sup>30</sup> o'clock, after a very pleasant evening's entertainment.

1888

June 3rd

Sunday:- I went to prayermeeting Tuesday night; to Aunt Julia's on Wednesday night; to see Mrs. Waring (née Pickens) on Thursday; + on Friday evening the Polytechnic + Calliopean Societies had a joint debate + other exercises in the Chapel. One feature of the entertainment was the presentation to the Societies of very handsome gavels by the Association of Graduates. Yesterday I was busy with business matters all the morning. In the afternoon Maj. Emerson + I went thro' the Charleston College Museum. I am in charge today, + so have been in all day, + have been rather lonesome.

June 16<sup>th</sup>

1888.

This afternoon, Hamison + I played the "Au Fait" Tennis Club a match game of tennis. We are to play 5 sets, but we could only get thro' 2 sets this afternoon - both of which were hard fought, but which Hamison + I won.

June 18<sup>th</sup>

1888

Hamison + I went down to finish our game of tennis. Parker + Gaillard succeeded in beating us the first set, but we won the second, + so won the tourney - having the best 3 in 5. We have agreed however to play another tourney next Saturday.

1888  
June 23

Saturday: - Harrison & I went down to play the "Au Fait" Tennis Club a second match tourney of tennis. The wind was a little too high, & Harrison & I had to work like Trojans to win the first two sets. The 3d set they walloped us badly, - beating us a "love set." We shall have to finish the tourney

June 25<sup>th</sup> next Monday.

1888

Our final tourney in tennis occurred this afternoon. H. & I were in good trim - but so were Parker & Gaillard. Our first set was very hard fought - but was finally won by the "Au Faits". Then we stood two to two, - & our next set was the "Aug of war". Harrison<sup>& I</sup> went in with determination, & started out on a winning gait. The "Au Faits" struggled hard; & did not allow us to ease up at all, - but at length we closed the 6<sup>th</sup> game before they reached the 5<sup>th</sup> - & thus won the second Tourney. I hope next year we shall have another contest equally as good.

Tonight, our Tirood Chautauqua Literary & Scientific Circle had its last meeting this year. We had a sketch of Tirood, our quotations were from Tirood, we had several readings from him, & some music, & a report of the year's work of our Circle. We also had our first debate. Prof. Primer & Miss Rodman were pitted against Miss Maude Smith & myself. Our query was: "Resolved that Washington did more for the freedom of America than LaFayette". We had the affirmative. Prof. Primer made an excellent argument, but he had the weak side, and lost.

1888

June 26<sup>th</sup>

Mr. Jamison & I took Misses Annie, Maude, & Lizzie Smith and Miss Pope to the Commencement exercises of the Charleston College tonight at the Freundschofgebäude Hall. Geo. von Kobnitz is one of the graduates. Clarence Graessner also graduates, & made the valedictory address. President Shepherd makes a thoughtful address, & then the Alumni of the College presents Prof. Lewis R. Gibbes with a handsome service of silver as a "jubilee"-gift - so to speak. He has been a professor in the College for 50 years. He is a gray-haired old gentleman of 78, now. The presentation speeches piled on the compliments so high that the old gentleman was, I think, greatly confused.

1888

July 3<sup>rd</sup>

Will Bond came down Saturday night & has been staying with me. Yesterday - the Baccalaureate sermon was to have been delivered at Grace - but when we got there, we found Mr. Pinckney sick - & so we listened to an address by Mr. Memminger. Today (Monday) Coleman surprised me. He has been quite unwell & is looking badly. He & I went down town on business this morning. The Cadets fired the Bd. V. salute this afternoon & we had a review of the Corps. Tonight Beverly Stokes & I brought the Misses Chapman up to hear the declamations by the 3<sup>d</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> Classes. Lake rendered Tam O'Shanter very well, & Dingleberry spoke splendidly. But Mikell took the first prize & justly, on his splendid rendering of the "Convict's Soliloquy". Dalley, A. took the second prize on a well-spoken piece. Judge Magrath made the presentation of the prizes in a handsome manner.

1888

July 4<sup>th</sup>

We had a very encouraging Commencement, at the Academy of Music today. Clark + Pyatt, - the star men of the "Class of '88" made good addresses. Pyatt's was quite humorous - his subject being "Modern Manias". Clark's was quite an able talk on "Thoughts on Education". Rev. Dr. Jones then spoke an eloquent address to the Class. The "Citadel Cadets' March" - a new piece of music, dedicated to the Corps, was then rendered by the orchestra, - the entire Corps standing. After the presentation of diplomas by Gen. Hagood, the Annual Oration was delivered by Congressman Dibble. It was a very able address.

Tonight, the annual celebration of the Ass. Grad. was held at the New Brighton Hotel, - Sullivan's Islands. After Kiani's speech, the large hall, was cleared of chairs + a numerous throng of ladies + gentlemen engaged in the maze of the waltz - Dawson's superb string band rendering the music. Refreshments were served toward midnight. The Ass. of Grad. held their business-meeting in a separate room. We all left the Island at 2 o'clock.

1888.

Thursday July 5<sup>th</sup>

I finished up my business in town today + left tonight for Bamberg - where I arrived at 10 o'clock.

1888

July 6<sup>th</sup>

I staid "at home" nearly all day - Jess + I played some music together. Tonight the Bamberg Graded School, in which Aunt Nellie is a teacher, had its closing celebration.

- 1888  
July 7th It was an entertaining exhibition, - the little girls, especially, rendering their pieces nicely. I went up to Grahams on the 9<sup>30</sup> train. A darkey from Mr. Matthews met me with a carry-all, + we soon travelled over the two miles between Grahams + Sis's. I found Sis + Joe at home, + Mr. M. came in later.
- 1888  
July 8th Sunday:- Mr. M., Sis, + I drove in to Grahams to Church. Heard the presiding elder, Mr. Clyde, preach a good sermon. After our return home we had a thunder-storm + rain; - + Charlie Wroton + his wife came over in the afternoon for a visit. Mrs. Wroton is the first bride of the Class of '86. She is a sweet looking little woman, - too delicate, however.
- 1888  
July 9th I drove over the farm with Mr. M. this morning. Tonight Mr. Weeks came over for a visit. Florrie was the attraction for him, I think. Florrie came up from Bumberg this morning. Mr. Weeks played an old squeaky fiddle, + Sis kept an accompaniment on the guitar.
- 1888  
July 10th I spent today at Galls - about a mile below Sis's. The baby is pretty + interesting. Just as I got back - 5 o'clock, p.m. - we had a rain-storm, - but it cleared off sufficiently by night to let us harness up + go over to the Johnsons - about 2½ miles away. The Johnsons consist of the mother, Frank, aged 23, + two daughters - Misses Agnes + Kitty, - both entertaining. Miss Kitty is a lively girl, aged about 18, I suppose. She does not like the country - but longs for the life of a City

The Misses Johnson played some piano duetts, - then Mr. Frank + his two sisters played a few trios (Frank on the violin), - then Sis + Mr. Frank some duetts (Sis on the guitar), - then Sis some pieces by herself on the piano, then she + I some duetts (I on the violin, she the piano.) We had quite a musicale. After this we conversed sociably, - some wine + cake were served, - + we left shortly after twelve o'clock.

1888

July 11<sup>th</sup>

We expected Charlie Wooten + his wife to dine today - but they did not come. Shortly after dinner, Mr. Matthew + I rigged up some fishing tackle, + rode down to the River. We got a boat and drifted down stream until we had caught enough live bait, when we shoved into a "lake" + began fishing for jacks. Mr. M. caught two jacks + a perch - but I did not catch anything but a catfish. I enjoyed some of his jacks for supper.

1888

July 12<sup>th</sup>

I left on the 10.20 train for Bamberg this a.m. We were busy packing up for Chester, + got off on the 7 p.m. train. We reached Columbia about 10.30 + had to wait there until 11.30. Aunt Alice, Uncle George, Mr. Witherow + Mary, two Messrs Reeves, + Moll, who has been in Columbia since last Saturday came down to the Depot + waited with us until we left for Chester. Moll came on with us. We got home at 2 o'clock, Ma, Pa, + Harp being at the Depot to meet us.


1888

July 20<sup>th</sup> We have been home just one week. We found the little house enlarged & beautified, - the place improved & everything looking cozy & pretty. Music, croquet, whist, company, & walks have been the order of the day. Chester is a little lively now. Several new projects - new railroad, new factory, etc. - are on foot or in progress & are booming the town. I am glad to get up into the hills, again. This afternoon Moll & I drove around town & saw the new houses going up, & all the old familiar places.

1888

July 30<sup>th</sup>

Time is passing away pleasantly. Today there was a political meeting here. Gov. Richardson made a genuinely eloquent address. He spoke plainly of his views, & his dignified bearing ought to have won him the admiration of his audience - but it didn't. Most of the listeners were inappreciative farmers who yelled lustily & loudly when Tillman was introduced. Tillman is rather younger than I thought to see him.



He spoke amusingly & earnestly - & maybe honest in his convictions & purposes of "reform" - but he has not the insight, the enlightenment, & the abilities of a statesman. He is a typical S.C. farmer. I suppose he is about 35 years old.

Chester, Bamberg, Grahams, Charleston.

1888

Sept. 30<sup>th</sup>

Vacation ends today. I have had a happy time. Moll & I have walked & talked - and I have played tennis with the Chester girls - & have read some, & visited, & the time has glided by. Ma & Pa & Jess & Harp went to the Depot to see us off at 4 o'clock this morning. We reached Bamberg (Moll & I) at 9<sup>30</sup> o'clock & found Auntie at home. I got a horse & buggy & drove Auntie & Moll out to Sall's, - where I left them & went on to see Sis. I took dinner with them there & went back to Sall's at 4 o'clock. We got back to Bamberg about six, & I left for the City-by-the-Sea at 7. I got here at the Citadel about 10 o'clock safe & well, & found my room neatly fixed up & a lamp burning. Coleman & Kinard were next door & welcomed me. Vacation is ended.

1888.

Oct. 12<sup>th</sup>

Our first two weeks of work is done. Our new faculty, composed of Genl. Johnston, Majoro Cain, Reese, & Cummings, Lt. Cabanis, Capt. Mazijk, myself, & Kinard & Coleman, is a superior force to any we have ever had before. Majr. Cummings & Reese are both pleasant gentlemen. Our Chautauqua Circle reorganized for the winter campaign on last Monday evening at the Misses Cards - East Battery. Tuesday night, Coleman & I were at prayer meeting at Trinity.

1888

Oct. 21

Sunday: - Our Chautauqua Circle had a meeting last Monday evening at Miss Smith's - Charlotte Street. Wednesday night, Jim K. & I called on Lieut. Cabanis & his wife. Friday evening I spent at Dr. Bass's. I was on duty yesterday. Today I was at Trinity.

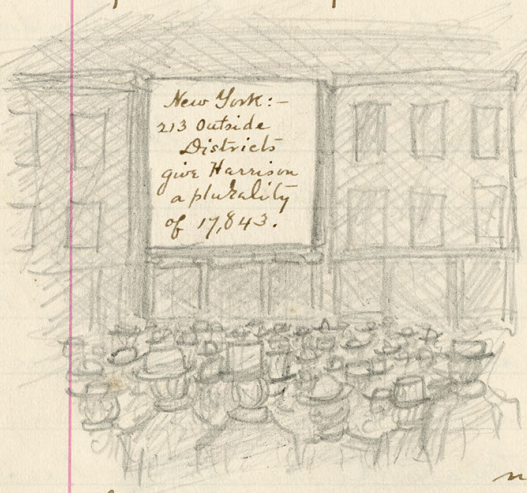


to prayer meeting, morning service, Sunday-school, & again tonight. I got a picture of our house from home today.

1888

Nov. 6<sup>th</sup>

I was down to see the election-reports tonight in Broad St., & at the Charleston Hotel. In Broad St. in front of the Courier's office, the two upper stories of a store-building had been covered with a huge sheet on which a lantern in the Courier office threw a large magnified view of the reports as they came in. When reports were slow, Mr.



C.E. Bolton, the manipulator of the lantern, entertained the crowd with views in Scotland, France, & Germany. Much enthusiasm was aroused by displaying tremendous pictures of Cleveland & of Harrison. The outlook to-

night is rather gloomy, although the returns are too incomplete to form any notion of how the election will turn out.

1888

Nov. 12

Our Chautauqua Circle met at Miss Roach's tonight. Miss Annie Smith & I were pitted against Kinard & Miss Caldwell on a debate. The subject was: "To a person in affluent circumstances, which is the greater deprivation, the loss of sight or the loss of hearing?"

Miss Smith & I had the negative, & won by a small percentage.

1888

Sunday:-

Nov. 25th

Gala Week was a failure. We have had horrible weather; - rain every day. The competitive drills on Tuesday & Wednesday were excellent - the best I have ever seen in Charleston, but the weather was so raw that very few came to see it. Miss Didi Vega & Miss Walker (Mr. Nat. Walker's sister) came up in my room, & witnessed the drill from my window & I chatted with Didi about home. The Cadets had holiday every afternoon except Monday, & the entire day Friday. Our Academic work this week has been very unsatisfactory. On Thursday evening Mr. White & I called on the Misses Bell from Chester at 25 Meeting St. Friday night Kiward & I went in a dime show on King St., & saw a man eat glass; - also an Egyptian mummy, an Aztec mummy, the remains of a 10-foot giant, two turms similar to the Japanese.

Today I heard Bishop Keener preach at Trinity.

1888

Attended S.S. & services tonight as usual.

Dec. 3<sup>d</sup>,

1888

Had a pleasant meeting of the Chautauqua Circle at Miss Caldwell's, - Vanderhant St.

Dec. 5th

I began my Book-keeping Class at the Y.M.C.A. I have a class of 9 - mostly intelligent men, & if they will hold out during the work, I hope to accomplish something at it.

1888

Dec. 8th

Kiward, Coleman, & I formed a reading club among our three selves, to meet every Saturday night & read & discuss some poem. We read "Julius Caesar" tonight.

1888  
Dec. 16<sup>th</sup> Last Monday our Chautauque Circle met at 36 Charlotte St., & we had a very pleasant session. Tuesday night I was at the Y.M.C.A. German Class. I have concluded to try to acquire that language. Prof. Pomier has charge of the Class. Wednesday night, I gave my second "lecture" to the Book-keeping Class at the Y.M.C.A. Saturday night our "faculty reading club" (Kinard, Coleman, & I) read Byron's "Childe Harold". Today, I was at prayer meeting, morning service, Sunday School, & night service at Trinity.

1888  
Dec. 23<sup>d</sup> Our "Triangle" Club read Bulwer's "Richelieu" last night. The following quotations I copied: "Oil & water — woman and a secret, — are hostile properties." "The pen is mightier than the sword." "Better a victim than an assassin." "The thoughts of lovers stir with poetry as leaves with summer wind." "I am great, — in other phrase, friendless." "The poorest coward must die, — but knowingly to march to marriage, my lord, it asks the courage of a lion." "The mate for beauty should be a man, not a money-chest." "There is more royalty in woman's honest heart than dwells within the crowned majesty and sceptered anger of a hundred kings." "Love, suffering, hope, — what else doth make the strength & majesty of woman." "Life at the best is short, but love immortal."

1888  
Dec. 30<sup>th</sup> I took Christmas dinner with Mr. White at Mrs. Hughes'. During the holidays, I have had some leisure at the Citadel. Yesterday, Dec, 29<sup>th</sup>, & I went to the opera "Ruddygore", — by Gilbert and Sullivan. Rose Maybnd had an exquisitely sweet voice; — the others were good voices. Last night in "Triangle" read Scott's "Marion". I made the following notes & quotations: —

"Who checks at me to death is dight;" — (Marmion's motto).

"Nor does old age a wrinkle trace more deeply than despair."

"And come he slow or come he fast, it is but death who comes at last."

"Oh, why should man's success remove the very charms that wake his love?"

"For often in the parting hour victorious love asserts his power, his coldness and disdain; and flinty in her heart can view to battle march a lover true, can hear, perchance, his last adieu, nor own her share of pain."

"Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide."

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive!"

"O, woman! in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
and variable as the shade by the light quivering aspen made;  
when pain & anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou!"

1889

Jan. 6th

Our Chautauqua Circle met on New Year's Eve & after an unusually attractive programme for the evening, — we all got lanterns, & cloaks, & umbrellas, (for it was misting) & went to the Citadel Square Baptist Church and ascended the steeple, whence we saw the old year out & the new one in — a novel place.

Our exercises have been running on at the Citadel regularly since the first of Jan. Last night our "Triangle" read the poems of Ossian. The following are some quotations which I made: "The deeds of old are like paths to our eyes." "As flies the unconstant sun over Larmor's grassy hill, so pass the tales of old along my soul by night." "She knew that my soul was a stream that flowed at pleasant sounds." "The fell pale on the rock of Fromathan. The mournful warrior raised her tomb. He came to Morven; we saw the darkness of his soul. Ossian took the harp in the praise of Dithona. The brightness of

the face of Gaul returned. But his sigh rose, at times, in the midst of his friends; like blasts that shake their infrequent wings after the stormy winds are laid!"

"There is a joy in grief, when peace dwells in the heart of the sad; - but sorrow wastes the mournful; - they fall away like the flower on which the sun hath looked in his strength, after the mildew has passed over it."

"Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is heard! The feeble will not behold them in the hall; or smile at their trembling hands. Their memory shall be honored in song; the young tear of the virgin will fall. But the aged withers away, by degrees; the fame of their youth, while yet they live, is forgot. They fall in secret. The sigh of their son is not heard. Joy is around their tomb; the stone of their fame is placed without a tear." "The battle is not won with grief; nor dwells the sigh in the soul of war."

1889

Jan. 13<sup>th</sup>.

The week has passed as usual: Tuesday night, German Class; Wednesday night, Bookkeeping Class at Y. M. C. A. Thursday night, Jan. 11. & I called on Wilson Gibbs & his bride at Dr. Wilson's. They were married on Jan. 2<sup>d</sup>.

Mrs. G. is a pretty, modest, mild woman. Friday night, "Cap" & I called at Dr. Baer's. Met an English lady, a Miss Brooks, & found her entertaining.

Last night, our Triangle read Tennyson's "Harold". The following are some quotations: "Better die than lie." "The voice of any people is the sword that guards them or the sword that beats them down." "The man that hath to foil a murderous aim, may surely play with words." "Better leave undone than do by halves." "The simple, silent;

"honest man is worth a world of tonguesters." "Evil for good, it seems, is oft as childless of the good as evil for evil."

1889

Jan. 20<sup>th</sup>

Today, at Trinity, we had a rare treat. Bishop Newman of the Northern Methodist Church delivered a magnificent sermon on "Individuality". The week passed off as usual. Yesterday, I was greatly surprised & gratified to find a telegram awaiting me on my return from down town, saying that Moll would be in the City at 12.55. I met her at the Depot, & saw her to Mr. Ed. Roach's. At 3 o'clock we went over to the Island, & tho' it was cold, enjoyed the trip.

1889

Jan. 27<sup>th</sup>

Last night, Jim K. & I called to see her. Today, I went round at 11 o'clock & stayed until 6 o'clock this evening. Those 7 hours were happy ones.

Moll left on Monday afternoon. On Wednesday night, Ma came down, but the rain kept us indoors until Sunday. Pa surprised us Saturday night at 12 o'clock. We went down to the Scotch Pres. Church to hear Dr. Thompson. The Dr. recognized Pa & came down & spoke to him after the service. We also saw the Messrs Bell of Chester there. This afternoon we

1889

Feb 3<sup>d</sup>

took a stroll over to Ashley River. Pa left last Monday evening for Baumberg, & Ma on Tuesday morning for Chester. The week has passed as usual. Our first term ended on Friday & our semi-annual examinations will take place next week. Last night our "Triangle" read "Mill on Liberty." Today I heard Mr. Dibble at Trinity. Attended Sunday School as usual.

1889

Feb. 11<sup>th</sup>

Monday:- Last week was occupied with our semi-annual examinations. On Saturday, I got leave of absence & went up to Bamberg. I got there at 9 o'clock. Mr. Rice met me, & after a cup of coffee at Dall's we went over to Gen. Bamberg's where there was a musical. Here I found Pa, Sis, Mr. M. & Moll. After an evening pleasantly spent with music, we dispersed. I went home with Moll & talked with her until 1<sup>30</sup> o'clock.

Yesterday, - Sunday - I went round to Auntie's (- I had slept with Pa at Dall's) & had a long talk with her about some of Moll's & my plans in July. She didn't agree with me, & we spent about 3 hours in argument. In the afternoon Moll & I took a walk down the railroad, & coming back went in to see Mr. & Mrs. Charlie Norton & their 7-weeks-old baby, which is a pretty thing. I left for the City at 7 o'clock, arriving at a quarter to 10. Today, the Genl. gave the Cadets a holiday in consideration of their hard work & good marks last week. Tonight, our Chautauqua Circle met at The Missie Card's -

1889

Feb. 24<sup>th</sup>

in East Battery. Jim K. & I took the Misses Smith. Last Monday night the Chautauqua met at Miss Smith's. Tuesday night I attended my German class. Wednesday night my book-keeping class. Friday was a holiday - being the 22<sup>d</sup>. Jim K. & I went over to the Hospital & heard Dr. Parker lecture on the ear. Also saw a clinic by Dr. Kimloch. In the evening I went to practice some with Miss Annie Smith. Saturday I was on duty, & conducted the 1<sup>st</sup> review & inspection of the season. Today I attended services at Trinity as usual. Tonight was at Citadel Square Bap. Church.

1889

Mar. 3d,

It rained on Monday, & no Chautauque meeting was held in consequence. On Tuesday I was at German Class; on Wednesday Book-keeping Class; Thursday, Cap & I called on Mr. & Mrs. Pemberton; on Friday evening we called at the Chapman's. Last night we attended the ~~60th~~ commencement exercises of the Medical College, & saw Doc, & Furman, & Ned Parker (who graduated 1st honor) & 22 others graduate. Today, Jim K. & I attended services at Trinity. Heard Mr. Coke Smith preach a fine sermon. Tonight we paid a short call on Dr. & Mrs. China over at Mrs. Clancy's, & then went over to the Baptist Church & heard Mr. Dargue.

1889

Mar. 12

Tuesday:- Last week passed pretty much as usual. On Friday evening, the two Codet literary societies had a joint debate & some essays & declamations in the Chapel. Mr. White & I brought the Mines Bell up to it. Marshall Hunter was one of the Polytechnic debaters, & he & Johnson won, altho' they had the negative (& vastly inferior) side of the question, "Would it pay to be virtuous, the future state not considered?" I attended services as usual on Sunday. Last night the Circle met at the Mines Card. Among the articles on the programme, we had a spelling bee. Miss Caldwell & I chose sides. I fortunately had Miss Maggie Card on my side, & she won. Miss Caldwell & I went out on "cinque". Today, Jeter, who has got China's place as Hospital steward in the Citadel, came into my room, & will probably be with me until July.



1889.

Mar. 24<sup>th</sup>

Sunday:- The past two weeks have passed as usual. Over Triangle last Sat. night read "Evangeline", & yesterday read "Much Ado About Nothing." I have attended the meetings of the Chautauqua Circle & at the Y. M. C. A. as usual. Attended church service at Trinity today.

1889

April 1<sup>st</sup>

The State S. S. Convention met in Charleston last week. I heard Mr. Reynolds of Illinois make a couple of very fine addresses. Rev. Mr. Anderson, a young Presbyterian minister whom I met a year or so ago, was down, & came up to see me one afternoon. Jim H. & I took a long stroll over in St. Andrew's Parish Saturday. It was a lovely spring day. We decked ourselves with jessamines & had our pictures taken with staves in hand, some coat, & covered with jessamines. The colored artist was quite charmed with our "get up", and gave us, as he guaranteed, "perfect satisfaction."

Our Δ read Pope's Dunciad on Saturday night. I heard Dr. Meynardie preach a fine sermon at Trinity yesterday morning. Heard Mr. Dargan at the Citadel Square Baptist Church last night.

1889

April 14

The week has passed as usual. On Monday night we were at the Chautauqua Circle. On Tuesday night Knicker & I took tea at the Misses Smith, 36 Charlotte St. A number of ladies and gentlemen were there. A Mr. Preston Graves of Virginia who is on a visit to his brother-in-law, Mr. Dargan, was there & as he plays chess, I asked him up to the Citadel Wednesday afternoon to play. We each won one game. Wednesday night I had my class at the Y. M. C. A. as usual. On Thurs-

day evening, Coleman & I called on Dr. Baer & family. On Friday night I went round to the Rev. Mr. Dargau's to play chess with Mr. Gaus. He won 3 games to my one. Saturday I was on duty & conducted review & inspection. In the afternoon Mr. Gaus came up & we had some more chess. We had an interview for tea, & then played on until 11 o'clock. He beat me three games to my two, - one draw. Owing to our chess, our Δ did not read as usual. On last Saturday we read Byron's "Sardanapalus" with great interest. The following is a game between Mr. Gaus & myself which we concluded to keep a score of as we played it.

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| <p>White - Bond.</p> <p>1 P to K4<br/>2 Kt.. KB3<br/>3 Kt.. QB3<br/>4 P " Q3<br/>5 B " Kt5<br/>6 P " Q4<br/>7 B x P<br/>8 Q to Q3<br/>9 Castles Q.R.<br/>10 B x B<br/>11 Q to K2<br/>12 Kt " Kt5<br/>13 Q " K2<br/>14 Kt.. QR4<br/>15 Q " Q3<br/>16 P " QKt3<br/>17 P x Kt<br/>18 B x P<br/>19 B x KBP(ch)<br/>20 B to B4<br/>21 Kt.. B7 (ch)<br/>22 Kt x Q (dis. ch)</p> | <p>Black - Graves.</p> <p>1 P to K4<br/>2 Kt.. QB3<br/>3 B " B4<br/>4 Kt.. B3<br/>5 P " Q3<br/>6 P x P<br/>7 B to K3<br/>8 P " QR3<br/>9 Castles<br/>10 P x B<br/>11 Q to K2<br/>12 QR to Qsq<br/>13 P to QKt5<br/>14 Kt.. Q5<br/>15 B x RP<br/>16 Kt x Kt P<br/>17 P to QKt5<br/>18 Q " K4<br/>19 K to R<br/>20 Kt " Kt5<br/>21 K " Kt<br/>22 resigns.</p> | <p>Here is a wonderful game between</p> <p>White - Paul Morphy<br/>[White has no QR]</p> <p>1 P to K4<br/>2 Kt.. KB3<br/>3 B " B4<br/>4 Kt.. Kt5<br/>5 P x P<br/>6 Kt x BP (ch)<br/>7 Q to B3 (ch)<br/>8 Kt.. B3<br/>9 B x Kt (ch)<br/>10 Q to B7<br/>11 B x B<br/>12 Kt to K4 (ch)<br/>13 P " QB4 (ch)<br/>14 Q x Kt<br/>15 Q to Kt4 (ch)<br/>16 Q " K2 (ch)<br/>17 P " Q3 (dis. ch)<br/>18 Castles (mate)</p> | <p>Black - Judge Morphy</p> <p>1 P to K4<br/>2 Kt " QB3<br/>3 Kt.. B3<br/>4 P " Q4<br/>5 Kt x P<br/>6 K x Kt<br/>7 K to K3<br/>8 Kt.. Q5<br/>9 K " Q3<br/>10 B.. K3<br/>11 Kt x B<br/>12 K to Q4<br/>13 K x Kt<br/>14 Q to Q5<br/>15 K " Q6<br/>16 K " B7<br/>17 K x B<br/>18 !!!!!</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

1889

April 30<sup>th</sup>

One hundred years ago Washington was inaugurated the 1<sup>st</sup> President of the United States. In commemoration of that event, today is observed generally throughout the Union as a day of thanksgiving. In New York there are to be grand celebrations, but in Charleston it does not seem to excite much interest. Services were held in very few of the churches this morning. Coleman & I attended the exercises at the Huguenot Church. Dr. Vedder conducted the usual Sunday services, and did not speak on any patriotic theme, saying briefly that "while it is proper to observe this occasion with thanksgiving, the subject cannot be treated except at a length which we have not time to give it." The Cadets had the day as a holiday.

On last Saturday night our triangle read with a great deal of interest Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons."

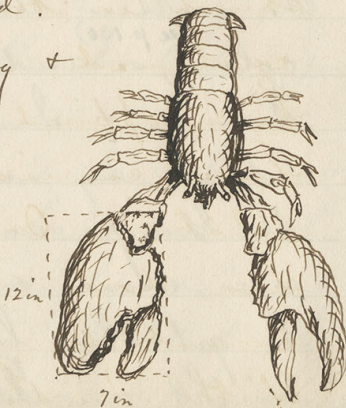
On Sunday, I was at Trinity as usual. We have a large new organ & a choir, & the church is to be carpeted & the seats all cushioned. A few of our old-school Methodists have opposed the innovations, but the radicals have carried the day with considerable éclat. One good that the new régime has done, & which is so evident that it cannot be gainsaid, is the increased size of the Sunday evening congregation.

May 5th. The Cadet Picnic came off on Friday. I did not attend, but spent most of the day in practicing some new pieces on the violin. On Thursday evening I took tea at Mrs. Chapman's. There were, besides myself, two Misses Carew, who sing delightfully, & Miss Belluiger from Bamberg, & a Mr. Baker from the City. We had a lot of the music. On Friday evening I took my violin round to the Smiths, & we played a number of pieces. Yesterday, June 4. & I spent a couple of hours in the Charleston Museum with our zoölogy, studying the specimens. One Giant Clam — as nearly as we could guess by eye — would measure 24 inches in



length, & 18 in. width. It was beautifully white inside, and the two pieces, of course, fitted well in the scallops. The Indian python which rarely exceeds 15 feet in length, we also saw; — and we thought it to be from 15 to 18 feet. One of the greatest curiosities to me, however, was a huge lobster. I made a sketch of it & guessed at its dimensions as nearly as I could.

Its right claw was 12 in. long & 7 in broad, I think. Its body was only 14 in. long, & was barely as large as its right claw. How it could ever wield such a claw, & with such a small fulcrum I cannot imagine.



The birds we glanced over hurriedly but with great interest; - & the collection is very fine. The insect department is skim. The shells were there in great variety however, - and the reptiles were well represented. We were tired out when we reached the mammalia, & so left these for a later day.

Last night our triangle read Longfellow's "Michael Angelo" with a degree of interest. Today,

1889  
May 11<sup>th</sup>

I have attended the usual services at Trinity. I am 24 years old today, & while I am quite well, I feel fully that old. I suppose I shall rapidly get mature after my marriage in July.

I spent the day quite pleasantly. In the morning Kinard & I went down to see about our 6-dollar Monserat low-quarter shoes, - and I had promised the men some strawberries in honor of my natal anniversary, but owing to the drought the berries have gone up to 25 cents a quart, & so I bought some canned peaches & almond drops instead. At eleven o'clock I went round to the Misses Smiths', - 36 Charlotte St. Miss Maude gave me a lesson in water-colors <sup>(See p. 130)</sup> - and after a nice little luncheon, Miss Annie & I practiced some, - for I had also taken my violin along. In the afternoon, Mr. Graves came up to the Citadel to have some chess & we played a number of games. He got the best of me by a game or two. Tonight, our triangle read "The Taming of the Shrew" with a great deal of interest.

Yesterday, nearly all the officers attended the Memorial services at Magnolia Cemetery. Gen. Johnston was to have been the orator of the day, but owing to his wife's illness a week ago, he had begged to be relieved, & Col. Armstrong delivered a very beautiful tribute. There was also, as usual, an ode read, & the opening prayer by Rev. Mr. Holland (a war hero) was very eloquent. The young ladies of the Confederate Home, & the Cadets placed the wreaths on the tablets of the soldiers' graves.

1889.  
May 15<sup>th</sup>

Wednesday. On Monday night we had a little extra amusement at the Circle. Instead of the usual quotations from some author, at roll-call, each person had come with an original couplet, and the ladies had provided a beautiful basket of flowers for each member. The first lines of the couplets were placed indiscriminately among the baskets — one in each — & the second lines were scattered among the members of the Circle. The President then took up a basket & read the line that lay on it; — the person holding the rhyming line read it & took the basket. Jim M. & I got some very pretty flowers.

Last night I went round to play some chess with Mr. Graves. He beat me the first two games, but I then "caught on" and did some of my best playing. I beat the next four games. Mr. Graves was sorely disappointed on the last game, as he wanted to

"tie the score" - (I was three to two). He had a rook, bishop, & knight. As my two rooks, - & each had 5 pawns. He thought his force was the stronger & ought to have won, - & he was badly shaken at the disastrous results.

There was an excursion from Bamberg today. I got a note from Moll saying she should be at Mrs. Chapman's. I called to see her at 2 o'clock. I found Auntie there, which was a surprise to me. I got a few moments chat with Moll. She is looking very well. Today & week we will be married. That will not be long as I shall be busy, - but seeing Moll always "breaks me up."

1889

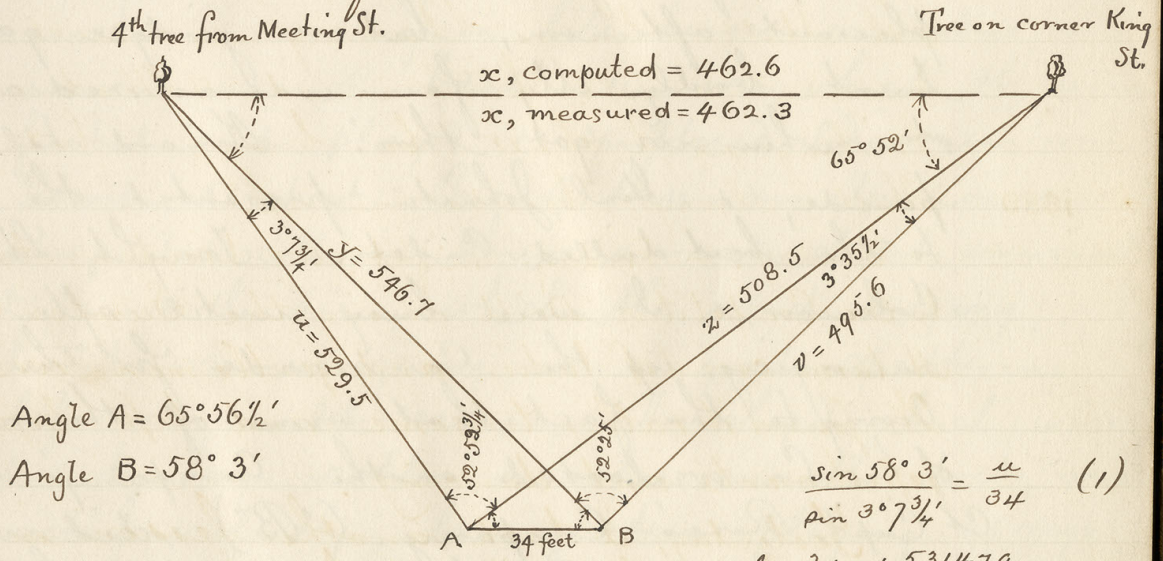
May 19

Sunday: - Friday night, we Lieutenants went to the Competitive Drill among the Sumter Guard. A large crowd of ladies and gentlemen were present. We found it rather tiresome and left before the refreshments and dancing.

Yesterday, I took another lesson in water-colors from Miss Maude Smith, - and Miss Annie and I practiced over some of our pieces. In the afternoon Mr. Graves came up and beat me badly at chess. He won 5 games to my three, - but two of the games that he won were in my hands and I literally threw them away. We played until bedtime, - and as Kinard was out, our triangle did not have its usual Saturday night reading. I attended usual services today.

1889  
May 20<sup>th</sup>

I did a very nice piece of triangulating with my Surveying Class today. With the transit, I measured the angles of two trees on the Green from my window, and from Maj. Cummings' window. I had only 34 feet for a base line, and the distance between the trees as computed was 462.6 feet. I got several of my class to chain off the distance actually on the ground, & they found it to be 462.3 feet.



Angle A = 65° 56 1/2'  
Angle B = 58° 3'

$$\frac{\sin 58^\circ 3'}{\sin 3^\circ 7 \frac{3}{4}'} = \frac{u}{34} \quad (1)$$

$$\begin{aligned} \log 34 &= 1.531479 \\ \log \sin 58^\circ 3' &= 9.928657 - 10 \\ \text{colog} \sin 3^\circ 7 \frac{3}{4}' &= 1.263711 \\ \hline \log u &= 2.720847 \\ u &= 529.5 \end{aligned}$$

$$\tan \frac{1}{2}(A-B) = \frac{a-b}{a+b} \tan \frac{1}{2}(A+B) \quad (2)$$

$$\tan \frac{1}{2}(A-B) = \frac{21}{1038} \tan 63^\circ 33' 37 \frac{1}{2}''$$

$$\log \tan \frac{1}{2}(A-B) = 8.605269 - 10$$

$$\frac{1}{2}(A-B) = 2^\circ 18' 27''$$

$$\frac{1}{2}(A+B) = 63^\circ 33' 37 \frac{1}{2}''$$

A = 65° 52'; whence by Law of Sines, x is easily found.

$$\begin{aligned} \text{Similarly, } \log z &= 2.706274 \\ z &= 508.5 \end{aligned}$$



1889  
May 24th.

The Annual Competitive Drill of the four Cadet Companies took place today. At 10 o'clock, Lt. Coburn, Coleman & I began the inspection of the Cos. This was concluded about 12 o'clock. Then the companies came out in turn to be drilled for the best Cadet in each. Corpl. McCully - Co. "A."; - Private Coffin, Co. "B."; Sergh. Blake, Co. "C."; - and Corpl. Perrin, Co. "D" were the successful Cadets. We then had dinner, & at three o'clock, the 1st Company began the drill. It was a pleasant afternoon, but we judges got sun-burnt badly. My face was as red as a lobster when we got thro'. Kinard held the parade, & Genl. Johnston presented the stars to the best-drilled Cadets. Tonight, Lt. Coburn, Coleman, & I were busy until after 11 o'clock averaging up the Co. records for the drill. Owing to the fact that some of the members of his Co. overlooked another Company's drill, Lt. Capt. Rose's Company ("B") did not enter the contest. The following is the result of the drill.

|                   | No. | Co. | Maneuver | Inspection | Manual | Evolution | Total. |
|-------------------|-----|-----|----------|------------|--------|-----------|--------|
| Capt. Lewis,      | 1   | "A" | 20       | 18.94      | 35.75  | 36.69     | 91.38  |
| Capt. Haskell,    | 2   | "D" | 40       | 19.30      | 34.66  | 36.60     | 90.56  |
| Capt. Cunningham. | 3   | "C" | 40       | 18.89      | 32.64  | 36.17     | 87.70  |
|                   |     |     | 100      |            |        |           |        |

1889

June 1st

Saturday:— Last Thursday was a very blustering day. Jim K. & I went down to the Battery to see the waves, — but as the spray was drenching the Battery, we went out on the end of the first wharf & had a fine view of the Bay, & a view of the Battery from its sea side. The waves were magnificent, & I have never seen a grander sight. At times, it seemed like from one end of the Battery to the other torrents of white spray were dashed 25 feet into the air sweeping over the high stone walk. Sea-ward, the waves came rolling in like huge monsters; & near us was a break-water over which the waves frisked, and played & sputtered like monstrous Titans at sport. Two of these monsters in an unexpected collision threw a water-spout unusually high into the air, which the wind seizing, hurled over us giving us a good spattering before we could escape. The ships which were tied by huge cables & ropes in the docks, were rocking violently, bow & stern playing a regular see-saw, — and the wind was so stout that at times it was difficult to hold up against it.

Today, I have been quite busy down town attending to business for the Association Graduates, and also seeing about some invitations for our wedding in July.

This afternoon, I got a letter from Capt. Hall of the Georgia School of Technology at Atlanta offering me the Asst.-Professorship

of Math. there, — a position very similar to the one I hold here. The salary will be about \$1200. I expect that I shall be raised here from \$750, which I get now, to \$1000 + my quarters which would amount to about the same thing. I shall not decide hastily.

1889.  
June 2d

Sunday:— I was at early prayer meeting at Trinity this morning, and at services. I dined at the Citadel + was at Sunday School, after which I went home with Dr. + Mrs. Baer where I took tea. Mrs. Annadon + I, + the Doctor + his wife, went tonight to hear brother Smart at Bethel.

1889  
June 9th

The week has passed as usual. On Monday night, Our Chautauqua Circle met at 36 Charlotte St. On Friday night I went round to the Rev. Mr. Dargan's to play chess with Mr. Graves. We got thro' 5 games by 12 o'clock — he winning two, I two, + one drawn. Yesterday, I was on duty + conducted the review + inspection, — the last one, by the way, that I shall probably hold this year, — + maybe forever. I haven't yet decided about changing schools. Mr. Graves came up in the afternoon, + we played chess all the afternoon, + until 10 o'clock last night. We played 12 games — each winning six. It appears that latterly one can't beat the other. Today, I have attended the usual services at Trinity. Today one month is Moll's + my wedding day; — and I expect we'll be on our way to the mountains. Consequently, I anticipate the happiest of all my vacations.

1889.

June 30<sup>th</sup>

Last week was spent in examinations, which ended on Friday. The Cadet Hop took place on Friday night at the New Brighton, Sullivan's Island. I did not attend. The baccalaureate sermon this morning at Flinn's church (2d Presbyterian) was preached by Dr. Wm. Flinn, professor of moral philosophy at the University in Columbia. It was on the elements of true manhood (II Peter. I) & was a very fine sermon.

1889.

July 3<sup>d</sup>

The Commencement exercises went off very satisfactorily. On Monday night the declamations in the Chapel were very good. Lake's recitation of "New Horatius kept the Bridge" was excellent. On Tuesday night, the two literary societies gave their annual literary entertainment. The speeches were extraordinarily fine. They were unprecedentedly long, but also unprecedentedly fine in two instances, Davis and Johnson. This morning was watched for Graduation Day. It rained, but in spite of it, a large audience assembled at Hibernian Hall. Lewis & Haskell both made excellent addresses. Gen. Bonham made the annual Address to the Class, and Hon. J. J. Newhill was the annual Orator. This afternoon at 6 o'clock, the Asso. Graduates met, & at 8 o'clock a delightful banquet was served in the upper hall. I intend to leave for Bamberg early tomorrow morning, so I left the banquet after the first two toasts, in order to get ready.

1889

July 4<sup>th</sup> Well, here I am at Goshams, or at least near it. I arrived in Bamberg at 9.30 a.m., found Moll well & sweet (bless her heart) and spent a happy day with her discussing our approaching wedding. We have decided to change the hour of the ceremony from 8 p.m. to 6 p.m., in order to take the 7 o'clock train for Columbia. Auntie was very much opposed to it - wishing us to go by way of ~~Columb~~ Augusta - but she finally succumbed. In the afternoon, Sis & Bro. Lucius drove down for me, and we arrived at home just in time to miss a heavy rain storm.

1889

July 7<sup>th</sup> I drove down to Bamberg alone this morning and spent the day with Moll - I shall not see her again until I go to march out in front of the preacher. I got back home a little after sunset.

1889

July 8<sup>th</sup> I was over at Mr. Rice's this afternoon playing croquet. His son Will, who was a telegraph operator at Wilmington, was paralyzed sometime ago, & came home. He has greatly improved, but his mind is still greatly impaired. When asked a question, he tries to understand, - but can only say in an incoherent way "I don't do anything; I don't know anything." He enjoyed the croquet tho'.

Well, tomorrow I shall be married. So here is an end of my bachelor diary. I have no regrets at changing my condition - my anticipations are very bright, indeed.

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First Effort in Water-Colors:

A Pansy,  
from Nature.

April 25<sup>th</sup> 1889.

"The other night Kinard said he felt in a poetic mood, & said he would like to "write a poem". I proposed to him that we should give ourselves ten minutes to write it, & select some subject at random. We seated ourselves at the table, - paper, pencil, & watch before us, & I said, "Well, let the subject be "love"?" We started at it in earnest & succeeded in producing the following at only a moderate loss of hair.

LOVE

TEN MINUTE POEMS BY

J. P. Kinard,

O. J. Bond.

When love invades the human heart,  
All other passions hide the face;  
For love, when true, will ne'er depart,  
But stay forever in its place.

II

O, may that love invade my breast!  
Oh, may it stay forever ~~there~~ here!  
Till this fond heart is laid to rest; -  
Then may it blossom over there!

What is it adds a brighter gleam  
To Nature's tints the fairest?  
What is it makes the sunlight seem  
The gladdest & the dearest?  
What is it makes the birds to sing  
More sweetly than their custom?  
What makes the lover pine in Spring?  
'Tis love within his loom  
Ah! - Love, you tint all Nature bright,  
And blind us to all reason, -  
You hide the ugly from our sight  
And summer winter's season.

Jim was not satisfied. He still had a lot of poetic steam which needed letting off, so we rolled up our sleeves again and got ready like we were going to keep the time in a horse race. I then suggested as a subject, "The Devil". Jim burst into a roar of laughter, but I wouldn't let him off; - so we tugged away at a considerable loss to



hair. I found it very hard, and Jim busted altogether. At the end of the ten minutes, Jim threw down the pen. This is what I got out with a great deal of trouble:

THE DEVIL.

A Ten-Minute Poem, by O. J. Bond.

I.

Will I compose some lines? — oh, yes, —  
 Some lines you say about old Satan?  
 Why, yes, I'll try; — I can, I guess,  
 Compose a line while you're waitin'.

II.

"The Devil", — well, now let me see —  
 What can I say of one so evil —  
 His evil, — I can't think, — my me! —  
 His, — he is, — er — no, — oh, the devil! "







Beware of the fate of Euty chus. [Falling asleep.]

From adagio to prestissimo.

Trax and Parilla as names.

Pictures framed with sweet-gum burs and spines of the  
pine-cone.

The exordium = oysters, and the peroration = the desert of  
meal.

Such an anatomist that when he looked at man in the  
face he saw his sphenoid bone.















*[Faint, illegible handwriting]*

142

144

140 07 1400

"escaped with the skin of my teeth". Job. XIX, 20.

145

Mrs. Sarah Drayton — 70 Coming St.

Anxious.

Jno. 6, 29  
Acts 17, 30  
Romans 10, 9.  
Acts 8, 37  
1 Sam. 2, 8  
Ps. 40, 2.  
2 Cor. 6, 17.  
Heb. 10, 24-25.

Deserving.

Ezek 18, 30  
Heb. 3, 13  
Prov. 28, 14  
Acts 24, 25  
Heb. 3, 7-8  
Prov. 29, 1.  
Matt. 7, 17  
Jno. 1, 12  
Luke 12, 20  
Matt. 6, 33  
1 Tim. 6, 9  
Prov. 23, 5  
Mark 10, 24  
Job 11, 7  
2 Cor. 6, 2  
Luke 12, 19-20

Hidden.

Rom. 8, 7-8  
2 Tim 3, 15  
Mark 5, 27; 2, 4  
Luke 18, 13  
Heb. 11, 6  
Jno. 10, 28-29  
2 Pet. 2, 22  
Ps. 1, 1.  
Prov. 13, 20  
Luke 15, 22  
Rev. 3, 18.

Reamer.

Job. 13, 3  
Isa 1, 18  
Job 15, 3  
Job 11, 3  
1 Pet 2, 3  
Eccl. 3, 11  
2 Pet. 1, 20  
Prov. 3, 5  
Job 32, 8-9  
1 Sam 2, 3  
Prov. 14, 12  
1 Tim 6, 20  
Acts 13, 26  
Prov. 29, 25

Stumbler.

Matt. 23, 15  
Job 27, 8, 8, 15  
Rom. 2, 1  
Ex. 2, 14  
Rom. 14, 12  
1 Pet. 4, 14-16  
1 Jno. 2, 19  
Rom. 9, 6; 2, 29.  
Mark 8, 36  
Ps. 73, 12-17  
Rev. 22, 14-15  
Jno. 8, 39

Timid

Mark 10, 29-30  
Prov. 16, 7  
Matt. 5, 11  
Rev. 7, 14  
Jno. 9, 22  
1 Pet. 1, 5  
Jude 24  
Tit. 2, 12  
Mat. 28, 18  
Heb 2, 18  
Luke 16, 24  
Phil 4, 19  
Ps. 37, 3  
Luke 10, 4  
Jno. 10, 29

Tries.

Acts 13, 38-39  
Rom. 4, 4-5  
Mat. 7-14  
Luke 15, 18  
Prov. 29, 25  
Isa 26, 3  
Jer. 29, 13  
Ps. 34, 10  
Prov. 27, 22  
Isa 64, 6  
Rom. 8, 8  
Jas 2, 10  
Rom. 3, 23

Self Righteous

Prov. 30, 12  
Ex. 12, 13  
Job, 9, 20  
Prov. 20, 6  
Dan, 5, 27  
Job 22, 3  
Rom. 3, 12  
Eph 2, 2.  
Job 35, 8  
Gen. 8, 21  
Ps. 51, 5  
Job. 36, 14  
Luke 18, 14  
Rom. 11, 32; 5, 12  
Job, 32, 2  
Jno. 8, 7  
Rom. 3, 23  
Rev. 20, 12

Confused

Eph. 4, 18  
Matt. 5, 36  
Jno. 8, 24; 9, 35  
1 Cor. 15, 1-4.

Hypocrites in church

Prov. 4, 18  
Jno. 8, 12  
Jas 1, 27  
Eph. 4, 5-6  
Eph 5, 25  
Act 20, 28

Dejected

Matt. 5, 36  
Jer. 13, 23  
Rom. 10, 8  
Jno. 7, 37  
Acts. 16, 27-31  
Rev. 3, 17  
Isa. 53, 4  
Isa. 1, 18  
1 Tim 1, 15  
Jno. 5, 5  
Rev. 3, 20  
Jas. 4, 8  
Ps. 140, 18  
1 Jno. 1, 9  
Prov. 28, 13  
Heb. 4, 13

Hesitator

Ezek 36, 26  
Acts 15, 9  
Heb 3, 13  
Prov. 24, 33  
1 Cor. 2, 9-10  
Ps. 119, 18  
Rev. 22, 17  
Jno. 3, 19  
Jno. 7, 34  
Prov. 27, 1  
Jas 4, 14  
Jno. 8, 21

Indifferent

Jno. 21, 22  
1 Cor. 3, 1-6  
Jno. 17, 22-23  
Lu. 19, 30  
Ezek 3, 10  
2 Cor. 5, 16  
Rom. 8, 6-7  
Eccl. 9, 3  
1 Tim. 4, 8  
Eph 5, 14  
Jno. 6, 9  
1 Jno. 3, 20

When We Rode Beneath the Moon  
Softer than the breath of daisies  
Fell her words upon the air;  
Gladder than the linnets' praises  
Was the laughing of the Fair.  
Sweeter than the shining flower  
In the breast of merry June,  
Was she in that silent hour,  
When we rode beneath the moon

Thoughts she had, and they were brighter,  
Than the dust around the stars.  
Feelings, too, and they were lighter  
Than the angels' melting airs.  
O her face was like a vision!  
Woven from the rays of noon!  
And the creature looked Elysian  
When we rode beneath the moon.

3  
Surely was her conversation -  
Ever brilliant, never slow.  
How upon the star creation  
Then upon the scenes below,  
Oft I found her spirit pulling  
Grapes from vines that angels pruned,  
And the seraphs' roses culling  
When we rode beneath the moon.

4  
Ah, I felt my spirit drifting  
From the thoughts of pain + strife,  
And my young soul grandly lifting  
To the angel side of life.  
None can tell my spirit's sad new  
When the holy hour was done.  
O my soul was filled with gladness  
When we rode beneath the moon.

Chas A Stakely.

Victory Chapter Rom. 8  
 Wisdom " Prov. 3  
 Watcher's " Luke 21  
 Work " James 2  
 Wife's " Prov. 31

Justice Chapter Ezek. 18.  
 Self-Righteous " Job 35, [N.B. verse 7]

Mr. C. H. Yotman

|                      |           |                    |           |                    |            |
|----------------------|-----------|--------------------|-----------|--------------------|------------|
| Ascension Chapter    | Acts I    | Fast Chapter       | Isa. 58   | Prodigals' Psalm   | 51         |
| Agrippa's "          | " 26      | Fisherman's "      | Luke 5    | Pentecost Chapter  | Acts 2     |
| Abiding "            | John 15   | Fools' Chapter     | Prov. 26  | Preacher's "       | Isa. 61    |
| Atonement "          | Heb. 9    | Fear Not "         | Isa 41    | Prayer "           | Jno. 17    |
| Admonition "         | " 13      | Fiery Furnace "    | Dan. 3    | Poor Man's "       | Luke 14    |
| Amouring "           | Ex. 30    | Great Psalm        | 119       | Professor's "      | " 12       |
| Blessing "           | Deut. 28  | Gift Chapter       | 1 Cor. 12 | Philip's "         | Acts 8     |
| Beautiful "          | Matt. 5   | Heaven "           | Rev 21    | Question "         | Luke 20    |
| Bottomless "         | Eph. 3    | Humility "         | Luke 18   | Revival "          | Joel 2     |
| Business Men's "     | Prov. 8   | Hypocrite "        | Matt 23   | Restoration "      | Micah 4    |
| Bread "              | Jno. 6.   | Harlots "          | Prov. 7   | Rest "             | Heb. 4     |
| Baptism "            | Matt. 3   | Household "        | Col. 3    | Rock "             | Deut. 32   |
| Backsliders "        | Jer. 3    | Herod's "          | Acts 12   | Redemption "       | Luke 23    |
| Courage "            | Josh. 1   | Intemperance "     | Prov 23   | Rich Man's "       | Luke 16    |
| Corinthian "         | Acts 18   | I Will "           | Hosea 2   | Repentance "       | " 13       |
| Circumcision "       | Acts 15   | Judgment "         | Rom. 14   | Safety Psalm       | 91         |
| Cornelius' "         | Acts 10   | John the Baptist " | Luke 3    | Song Chapter       | Luke 1.    |
| Character "          | Job 29    | John + Peter's "   | Acts 4    | Sufferer's "       | Isa 53     |
| Charactering "       | Heb. 12   | Knowledge "        | Luke 11   | Shepherd's "       | Jno. 10    |
| Charity "            | 1 Cor. 13 | Law "              | Rom. 7    | Sinner's "         | Luke 8     |
| Christians' "        | 1 Pet. 2  | Lost + found "     | Luke 15   | Service "          | " 10       |
| Christ in "          | Gen. 1    | Lame Man's "       | Acts 3    | Sad "              | " 22       |
| Christ's Judgment "  | Ex. 20    | Life "             | Luke 7    | Saul of Tarsus "   | Acts 9     |
| Converts "           | Isa. 12   | Macedonian "       | Acts 16   | Stephen's "        | Acts 7     |
| Consecration "       | Rom. 12   | Mather's "         | Judges 13 | Soldier's "        | Eph. 6     |
| Crime Chapter        | Isa 55    | Mercy Psalm        | 136       | Sinner's "         | Luke 19    |
| Chapter of Contrasts | Luke 17   | Minister Chapter   | Ezek 34   | Scorn's "          | Prov. 1    |
| Conqueror's Chapter  | " 4       | Marriage "         | Eph. 5    | Separation "       | 11. Cor. 6 |
| Deacons "            | Acts 6    | Moralists' Psalm   | 14        | Seeking "          | Amos 5     |
| Duty "               | Ezek 33   | Marvellous Chapter | Luke 9    | Today "            | Heb. 3     |
| Ephesian "           | Acts 19   | Millenium "        | Rev. 20   | Tithing "          | Mal. 3     |
| Felix's "            | " 24      | Nativity "         | Luke 2    | Traveler's Psalm   | 121        |
| Festus' "            | " 25      | Purification "     | Num. 19   | Teacher's Chapter  | Luke 6     |
| Faith "              | Heb 11    | Passover "         | Ex. 12    | Tonic Psalm        | 27         |
|                      |           | Peace + Promise "  | John 14   | Victorious Chapter | Luke 24    |
|                      |           |                    |           | Vow "              | Num. 30    |



